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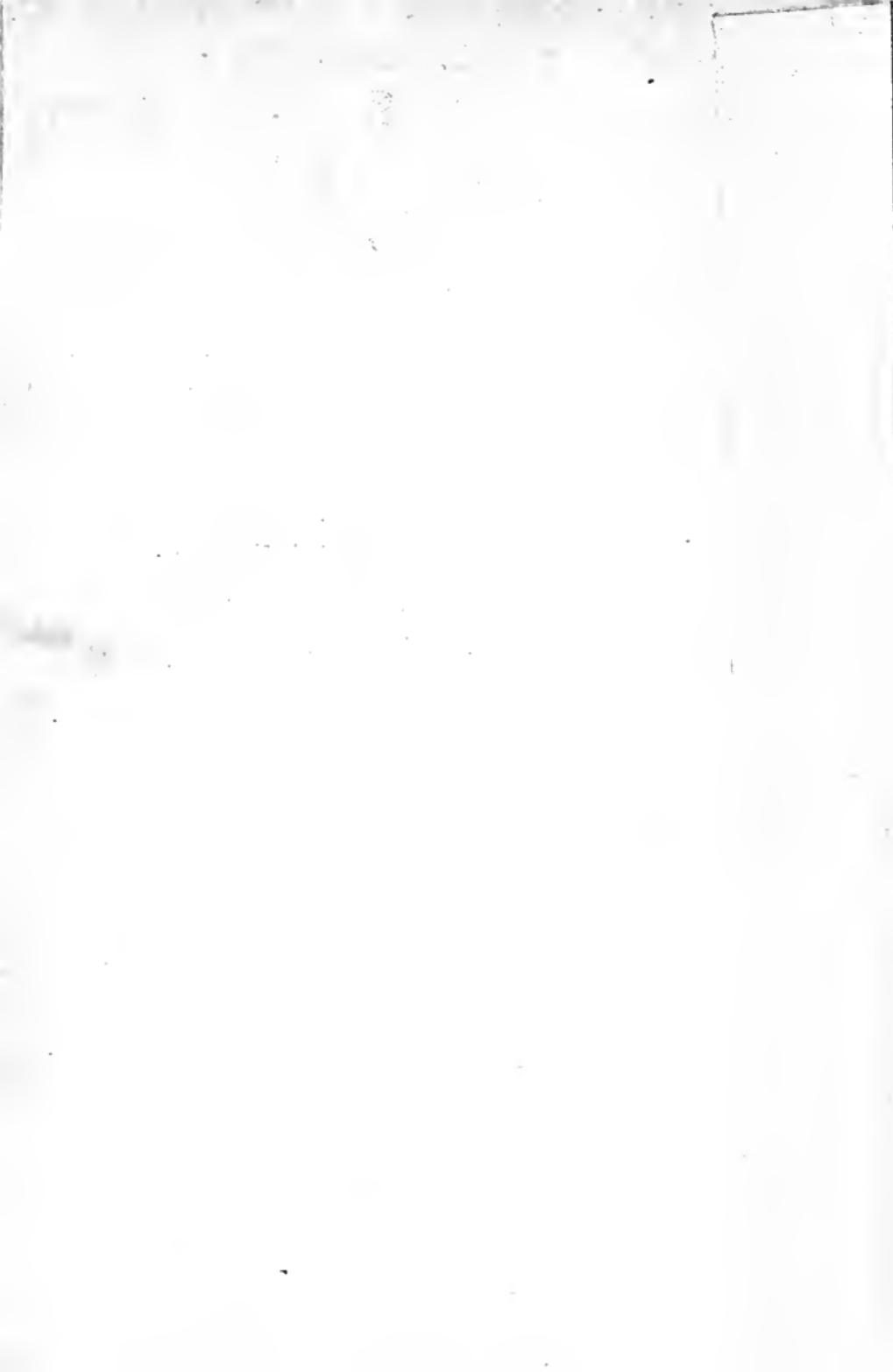
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THE HUNDRED BEST POEMS
(LYRICAL)
IN THE ENGLISH LANGUAGE

SECOND SERIES.



POCKET ANTHOLOGIES NO.2

THE
HUNDRED
BEST POEMS
(LYRICAL)



SECOND
SERIES

in the
English
Language

GLASGOW,
OWANS & GRAY LTD.

LONDON,
R.BRIMLEY JOHNSON.

1904.



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THE
HUNDRED BEST POEMS
(LYRICAL)
IN THE ENGLISH LANGUAGE

SECOND SERIES

Selected by
ADAM L. GOWANS, M.A.

GLASGOW: GOWANS & GRAY, LTD.
LONDON: R. BRIMLEY JOHNSON

1904

To
JOHN G. STEWART

PREFATORY NOTE.

I HAVE been deeply gratified by the large circulation which the first series of ‘Hundred Best Poems (Lyrical)’ has already attained in less than twelve months from its publication, and am confident, from the many letters of thanks and appreciation which have reached me, that the present series is already assured of a warm welcome.

This second collection, while not containing such supremely great lyrics of the language as does the first, draws its riches, nevertheless, from a treasure-house which is still very far from being exhausted, and will, I believe, prove as interesting to lovers of the best poetry as the other; giving prominence, as it does, to many splendid poems, which, to some extent because of the operation of the law of copyright, are not yet as universally familiar as they will, I believe, in time become.

In this volume, as in its predecessor, I have not included poems by living authors. With regard to texts, titles, etc., I have gone on the same principles as before.

I have again to acknowledge with deep gratitude the kindness of many publishers and editors. Messrs Macmillan & Co., Ltd., in particular, have allowed me to reprint Matthew Arnold's 'The Last Word' and Christina Rossetti's 'A Royal Princess,' while I am indebted to Messrs. Chatto & Windus for permission to include a famous stanza from Stevenson's 'Songs of Travel,' and to Messrs. Ellis & Elvey for the same privilege in respect to D. G. Rossetti's 'Sudden Light.' Everyone who knows these four poems, or makes his first acquaintance with them now, will realize their great importance to the volume. I must also thank the following gentlemen who have allowed me to use copyright texts of non-copyright poems from editions published by them:—Messrs. Chatto & Windus (Sidney), Mr. Buxton Forman (Keats and Shelley), Mr Henry Frowde (Wordsworth), Messrs. T. C. & E. C. Jack (Burns),

PREFATORY NOTE.

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Messrs. Macmillan & Co., Ltd. (Arnold, Christina Rossetti, Shakespeare, and Tennyson), Mr. John Murray (Byron), Messrs Smith, Elder & Co. (Browning), Messrs. Ward, Lock & Co., Ltd. (Coleridge).

A. L. G.

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MATTHEW ARNOLD.

Consolation.

MIST clogs the sunshine.
Smoky dwarf houses
Hem me round everywhere ;
A vague dejection
Weighs down my soul.

Yet, while I languish,
Everywhere countless
Prospects unroll themselves,
And countless beings
Pass countless moods.

Far hence, in Asia,
On the smooth convent-roofs,
On the gilt terraces,
Of holy Lassa,
Bright shines the sun.

Grey time-worn marbles
Hold the pure Muses ;
In their cool gallery,
By yellow Tiber,
They still look fair.

Strange unloved uproar *
Shrills round their portal ;

Written during the siege of Rome by the French, 1849.

MATTHEW ARNOLD.

Yet not on Helicon
Kept they more cloudless
Their noble calm.

Through sun-proof alleys
In a lone, sand-hemm'd
City of Africa,
A blind, led beggar,
Age-bow'd, asks alms.

No bolder robber
Erst abode ambush'd
Deep in the sandy waste ;
No clearer eyesight
Spied prey afar.

Saharan sand-winds
Sear'd his keen eyeballs ;
Spent is the spoil he won.
For him the present
Holds only pain.

Two young, fair lovers,
Where the warm June-wind,
Fresh from the summer fields,
Plays fondly round them,
Stand, tranced in joy.

With sweet, join'd voices,
And with eyes brimming :
“ Ah,” they cry, “ Destiny,
Prolong the present !
Time, stand still here ! ”

MATTHEW ARNOLD.

The prompt stern Goddess
Shakes her head, frowning ;
Time gives his hour-glass
Its due reversal ;
Their hour is gone.

With weak indulgence
Did the just Goddess
Lengthen their happiness,
She lengthen'd also
Distress elsewhere.

The hour, whose happy
Unalloy'd moments
I would eternalise,
Ten thousand mourners
Well pleased see end.

The bleak, stern hour,
Whose severe moments
I would annihilate,
Is pass'd by others
In warmth, light, joy.

Time, so complain'd of,
Who to no one man
Shows partiality,
Brings round to all men
Some undimmi'd hours.

1885 Edition.

MATTHEW ARNOLD.

2.

The Last Word.

CREEP into thy narrow bed,
Creep, and let no more be said !
Vain thy onset ! all stands fast.
Thou thyself must break at last.

Let the long contention cease !
Geese are swans, and swans are geese.
Let them have it how they will !
Thou art tired ; best be still.

They out-talk'd thee, hiss'd thee, tore thee ?
Better men fared thus before thee ;
Fired their ringing shot and pass'd,
Hotly charged—and sank at last.

Charge once more, then, and be dumb !
Let the victors, when they come,
When the forts of folly fall,
Find thy body by the wall !

3.

The Buried Life.

LIGHT flows our war of mocking words, and yet,
Behold, with tears mine eyes are wet !
I feel a nameless sadness o'er me roll.
Yes, yes, we know that we can jest,
We know, we know that we can smile !
But there's a something in this breast,
To which thy light words bring no rest,
And thy gay smiles no anodyne.

MATTHEW ARNOLD.

Give me thy hand, and hush awhile,
And turn those limpid eyes on mine,
And let me read there, love ! thy inmost soul.

Alas ! is even love too weak
To unlock the heart, and let it speak ?
Are even lovers powerless to reveal
To one another what indeed they feel ?
I knew the mass of men conceal'd
Their thoughts, for fear that if reveal'd
They would by other men be met
With blank indifference, or with blame reproved ;
I knew they lived and moved
Trick'd in disguises, alien to the rest
Of men, and alien to themselves—and yet
The same heart beats in every human breast !

But we, my love !—doth a like spell benumb
Our hearts, our voices ?—must we too be dumb ?

Ah ! well for us, if even we,
Even for a moment, can get free
Our heart, and have our lips unchain'd ;
For that which seals them hath been deep-ordin'd !

Fate, which foresaw
How frivolous a baby man would be—
By what distractions he would be possess'd,
How he would pour himself in every strife,
And well-nigh change his own identity—
That it might keep from his capricious play
His genuine self, and force him to obey
Even in his own despite his being's law,

MATTHEW ARNOLD.

Bade through the deep recesses of our breast
The unregarded river of our life
Pursue with indiscernible flow its way ;
And that we should not see
The buried stream, and seem to be
Eddying at large in blind uncertainty,
Though driving on with it eternally.

But often, in the world's most crowded streets,
But often, in the din of strife,
There rises an unspeakable desire
After the knowledge of our buried life ;
A thirst to spend our fire and restless force
In tracking out our true, original course ;
A longing to inquire
Into the mystery of this heart which beats
So wild, so deep in us—to know
Whence our lives come and where they go.
And many a man in his own breast then delves,
But deep enough, alas ! none ever mines.
And we have been on many thousand lines,
And we have shown, on each, spirit and power ;
But hardly have we, for one little hour,
Been on our own line, have we been ourselves—
Hardly had skill to utter one of all
The nameless feelings that course through our
breast,
But they course on for ever unexpress'd.
And long we try in vain to speak and act
Our hidden self, and what we say and do
Is eloquent, is well—but 'tis not true !
And then we will no more be rack'd
With inward striving, and demand

MATTHEW ARNOLD.

Of all the thousand nothings of the hour
Their stupifying power ;
Ah yes, and they benumb us at our call !
Yet still, from time to time, vague and forlorn,
From the soul's subterranean depth upborne
As from an infinitely distant land,
Come airs, and floating echoes, and convey
A melancholy into all our day.

Only—but this is rare—
When a belovéd hand is laid in ours,
When, jaded with the rush and glare
Of the interminable hours,
Our eyes can in another's eyes read clear,
When our world-deafen'd ear
Is by the tones of a loved voice caress'd—
A bolt is shot back somewhere in our breast,
And a lost pulse of feeling stirs again.
The eye sinks inward, and the heart lies plain,
And what we mean, we say, and what we would,
 we know.
A man becomes aware of his life's flow,
And hears its winding murmur ; and he sees
The meadows where it glides, the sun, the breeze.

And there arrives a lull in the hot race
Wherein he doth for ever chase
That flying and elusive shadow, rest.
An air of coolness plays upon his face,
And an unwonted calm pervades his breast.
And then he thinks he knows
The hills where his life rose,
And the sea where it goes.

MATTHEW ARNOLD.

4. *The Scholar-Gipsy.*

"There was very lately a lad in the University of Oxford, who was by his poverty forced to leave his studies there; and at last to join himself to a company of vagabond gipsies. Among these extravagant people, by the insinuating subtlety of his carriage, he quickly got so much of their love and esteem as that they discovered to him their mystery. After he had been a pretty while exercised in the trade, there chanced to ride by a couple of scholars, who had formerly been of his acquaintance. They quickly spied out their old friend among the gipsies; and he gave them an account of the necessity which drove him to that kind of life, and told them that the people he went with were not such impostors as they were taken for, but that they had a traditional kind of learning among them, and could do wonders by the power of imagination, their fancy binding that of others: that himself had learned much of their art, and when he had compassed the whole secret, he intended, he said, to leave their company, and give the world an account of what he had learned."—GLANVIL's "*Vanity of Dogmatizing*," 1661.

GO, for they call you, shepherd, from the hill;

Go, shepherd, and untie the wattled cotes!

No longer leave thy wistful flock unfed,
Nor let thy bawling fellows rack their throats,

Nor the cropp'd herbage shoot another head.

But when the fields are still,
And the tired men and dogs all gone to rest,

And only the white sheep are sometimes seen
Cross and recross the strips of moon-blanch'd
green,

Come, shepherd, and again begin the quest!

Here, where the reaper was at work of late—

In this high field's dark corner, where he leaves
His coat, his basket, and his earthen cruse,
And in the sun all morning binds the sheaves,

MATTHEW ARNOLD.

Then here, at noon, comes back his stores to
use—

Here will I sit and wait,
While to my ear from uplands far away
The bleating of the folded flocks is borne,
With distant cries of reapers in the corn—
All the live murmur of a summer's day.

Screen'd is this nook o'er the high, half-reap'd field,
And here till sun-down, shepherd ! will I be.

Through the thick corn the scarlet poppies
peep,
And round green roots and yellowing stalks I see
Pale pink convolvulus in tendrils creep ;
And air-swept lindens yield
Their scent, and rustle down their perfumed
showers
Of bloom on the bent grass where I am laid,
And bower me from the August sun with
shade ;
And the eye travels down to Oxford's towers.

And near me on the grass lies Glanvil's book—
Come, let me read the oft-read tale again !

The story of the Oxford scholar poor,
Of pregnant parts and quick inventive brain,
Who, tired of knocking at preferment's door,
One summer-morn forsook
His friends, and went to learn the gipsy-lore,
And roam'd the world with that wild brother-
hood,
And came, as most men deem'd, to little good,
But came to Oxford and his friends no more.

MATTHEW ARNOLD.

But once, years after, in the country-lanes,
Two scholars, whom at college erst he knew,
Met him, and of his way of life enquired ;
Whereat he answer'd, that the gipsy-crew,
His mates, had arts to rule as they desired
The workings of men's brains,
And they can bind them to what thoughts they
will.

" And I," he said, " the secret of their art,
When fully learn'd, will to the world impart ;
But it needs heaven-sent moments for this skill."

This said, he left them, and return'd no more.—
But rumours hung about the country-side,
That the lost Scholar long was seen to stray,
Seen by rare glimpses, pensive and tongue-tied,
In hat of antique shape, and cloak of grey,
The same the gipsies wore.
Shepherds had met him on the Hurst in spring,
At some lone alehouse in the Berkshire moors,
On the warm ingle-bench, the smock-frock'd
boors
Had found him seated at their entering,

But, 'mid their drink and clatter, he would fly.
And I myself seem half to know thy looks,
And put the shepherds, wanderer! on thy trace ;
And boys who in lone wheatfields scare the rooks
I ask if thou hast pass'd their quiet place ;
Or in my boat I lie
Moor'd to the cool bank in the summer-heats,
'Mid wide grass meadows which the sunshine
fills,

MATTHEW ARNOLD.

And watch the warm, green-muffled Cumner hills,
And wonder if thou haunt'st their shy retreats.

For most, I know, thou lov'st retired ground !
Thee at the ferry Oxford riders blithe,
Returning home on summer-nights, have met
Crossing the stripling Thames at Bab-lock-hithe,
Trailing in the cool stream thy fingers wet,
As the punt's rope chops round ;
And leaning backward in a pensive dream,
And fostering in thy lap a heap of flowers
Pluck'd in shy fields and distant Wychwood bowers,
And thine eyes resting on the moonlit stream.

And then they land, and thou art seen no more !—
Maidens, who from the distant hamlets come
To dance around the Fyfield elm in May,
Oft through the darkening fields have seen thee roam,
Or cross a stile into the public way.
Oft thou has given them store
Of flowers—the frail-leaf'd, white anemony,
Dark bluebells drench'd with dews of summer eves,
And purple orchises with spotted leaves—
But none hath words she can report of thee.

And, above Godstow Bridge, when hay-time's here
In June, and many a scythe in sunshine flames,
Men who through those wide fields of breezy grass

MATTHEW ARNOLD.

Where black-wing'd swallows haunt the glittering
Thames,
To bathe in the abandon'd lasher pass,
Have often pass'd thee near
Sitting upon the river bank o'ergrown ;
Mark'd thine outlandish garb, thy figure spare,
Thy dark vague eyes, and soft abstracted air—
But, when they came from bathing, thou wast
gone !

At some lone homestead in the Cumner hills,
Where at her open door the housewife darns,
Thou hast been seen, or hanging on a gate
To watch the threshers in the mossy barns.
Children, who early range these slopes and late
For cresses from the rills,
Have known thee eying, all an April-day,
The springing pastures and the feeding kine ;
And mark'd thee, when the stars come out
and shine,
Through the long dewy grass move slow away.

In autumn, on the skirts of Bagley Wood—
Where most the gipsies by the turf-edged way
Pitch their smoked tents, and every bush you
see
With scarlet patches tagg'd and shreds of grey,
Above the forest-ground called Thessaly—
The blackbird, picking food,
Sees thee, nor stops his meal, nor fears at all ;
So often has he known thee past him stray,
Rapt, twirling in thy hand a wither'd spray,
And waiting for the spark from heaven to fall.

MATTHEW ARNOLD.

And once, in winter, on the causeway chill
Where home through flooded fields foot-travellers
go,
Have I not pass'd thee on the wooden bridge,
Wrapt in thy cloak and battling with the snow,
Thy face tow'r'd Hinksey and its wintry ridge ?
And thou hast climb'd the hill,
And gain'd the white brow of the Cumner range ;
Turn'd once to watch, while thick the snow-
flakes fall,
The line of festal light in Christ-Church hall—
Then sought thy straw in some sequester'd grange.

But what—I dream ! Two hundred years are flown
Since first thy story ran through Oxford halls,
And the grave Glanvil did the tale inscribe
That thou wert wander'd from the studious walls
To learn strange arts, and join a gipsy-tribe ;
And thou from earth art gone
Long since, and in some quiet churchyard laid—
Some country-nook, where o'er thy unknown
grave
Tall grasses and white flowering nettles wave,
Under a dark, red-fruited yew-tree's shade.

—No, no, thou hast not felt the lapse of hours !
For what wears out the life of mortal men ?
'Tis that from change to change their being
rolls ;
'Tis that repeated shocks, again, again,
Exhaust the energy of strongest souls
And numb the elastic powers.
Till having used our nerves with bliss and teen,

MATTHEW ARNOLD.

And tired upon a thousand schemes our wit,
To the just-pausing Genius we remit
Our worn-out life, and are—what we have been.

Thou hast not lived, why should'st thou perish, so ?
Thou hadst *one* aim, *one* business, *one* desire ;
Else wert thou long since number'd with the
dead !
Else hadst thou spent, like other men, thy fire !
The generations of thy peers are fled,
And we ourselves shall go ;
But thou possessest an immortal lot,
And we imagine thee exempt from age
And living as thou liv'st on Glanvil's page,
Because thou hadst—what we, alas ! have not.

For early didst thou leave the world, with powers
Fresh, undiverted to the world without,
Firm to their mark, not spent on other things ;
Free from the sick fatigue, the languid doubt,
Which much to have tried, in much been
baffled, brings.
O life unlike to ours !
Who fluctuate idly without term or scope,
Of whom each strives, nor knows for what he
strives,
And each half lives a hundred different lives ;
Who wait like thee, but not, like thee, in hope.

Thou waitest for the spark from heaven ! and we,
Light half-believers of our casual creeds,
Who never deeply felt, nor clearly will'd,
Whose insight never has borne fruit in deeds,

MATTHEW ARNOLD.

Whose vague resolves never have been fulfill'd ;
For whom each year we see
Breeds new beginnings, disappointments new ;
Who hesitate and falter life away,
And lose to-morrow the ground won to-day—
Ah ! do not we, wanderer ! await it too ?

Yes, we await it !—but it still delays,
And then we suffer ! and amongst us one,
Who most has suffer'd, takes dejectedly
His seat upon the intellectual throne ;
And all his store of sad experience he
Lays bare of wretched days ;
Tells us his misery's birth and growth and signs,
And how the dying spark of hope was fed,
And how the breast was soothed, and how
the head,
And all his hourly varied anodynes.

This for our wisest ! and we others pine,
And wish the long unhappy dream would end,
And waive all claim to bliss, and try to bear ;
With close-lipp'd patience for our only friend,
Sad patience, too near neighbour to despair—
But none has hope like thine !
Thou through the fields and through the woods
dost stray,
Roaming the country-side, a truant boy,
Nursing thy project in unclouded joy,
And every doubt long blown by time away.

O born in days when wits were fresh and clear,
And life ran gaily as the sparkling Thames ;

MATTHEW ARNOLD.

Before this strange disease of modern life,
With its sick hurry, its divided aims,
Its heads o'ertax'd, its palsied hearts, was
rife—
Fly hence, our contact fear !
Still fly, plunge deeper in the bowering wood !
Averse, as Dido did with gesture stern
From her false friend's approach in Hades turn,
Wave us away, and keep thy solitude !

Still nursing the unconquerable hope,
Still clutching the inviolable shade,
With a free, onward impulse brushing through,
By night, the silver'd branches of the glade—
Far on the forest-skirts, where none pursue,
On some mild pastoral slope
Emerge, and resting on the moonlit pales
Freshen thy flowers as in former years
With dew, or listen with enchanted ears,
From the dark dingles, to the nightingales !

But fly our paths, our feverish contact fly !
For strong the infection of our mental strife,
Which, though it gives no bliss, yet spoils for
rest ;
And we should win thee from thy own fair life,
Like us distracted, and like us unblest.
Soon, soon thy cheer would die,
Thy hopes grow timorous, and unfix'd thy
powers,
And thy clear aims be cross and shifting made ;
And then thy glad perennial youth would fade,
Fade, and grow old at last, and die like ours.

MATTHEW ARNOLD.

Then fly our greetings, fly our speech and smiles !
—As some grave Tyrian trader, from the sea,
 Descried at sunrise an emerging prow
Lifting the cool-hair'd creepers stealthily,
 The fringes of a southward-facing brow
 Among the Ægæan isles ;
And saw the merry Grecian coaster come,
 Freighted with amber grapes, and Chian wine,
 Green, bursting figs, and tunnies steep'd in
 brine—
And knew the intruders on his ancient home,

The young light-hearted masters of the waves—
 And snatch'd his rudder, and shook out more
 sail ;
 And day and night held on indignantly
O'er the blue Midland waters with the gale,
 Betwixt the Syrtes and soft Sicily,
 To where the Atlantic raves
Outside the western straits ; and unbent sails
 There, where down cloudy cliffs, through
 sheets of foam,
 Shy traffickers, the dark Iberians come ;
And on the beach undid his corded bales.

1888 Edition.

FRANCIS BEAUMONT.

5. *On the Tombs in Westminster.*

MORTALITY, behold, and fear !
What a change of flesh is here !

FRANCIS BEAUMONT.

Think how many royal bones
Sleep within this heap of stones :
Here they lie had realms and lands,
Who now want strength to stir their hands ;
Where from their pulpits, soil'd with dust,
They preach, " In greatness is no trust."
Here's an acre sown indeed
With the richest royal'st seed,
That the earth did e'er suck in
Since the first man died for sin :
Here the bones of birth have cried,
" Though gods they were, as men they died " :
Here are sands, ignoble things,
Dropt from the ruin'd sides of kings :
Here 's a world of pomp and state
Buried in dust, once dead by fate.

Dyce's Text.

FRANCIS BEAUMONT AND JOHN FLETCHER.

6. *Song from "The Maid's Tragedy."*

LAY a garland on my hearse of the dismal
yew ;
Maidens, willow-branches bear ; say I died true.
My love was false, but I was firin from my hour of
birth :
Upon my buried body lie lightly, gentle earth !

Dyce's Text.

ELIZABETH BARRETT BROWNING.

7. *A Musical Instrument.*

I.

WHAT was he doing, the great god Pan,
Down in the reeds by the river?
Spreading ruin and scattering ban,
Splashing and paddling with hoofs of a goat,
And breaking the golden lilies afloat
With the dragon-fly on the river?

II.

He tore out a reed, the great god Pan,
From the deep cool bed of the river.
The limpid water turbidly ran,
And the broken lilies a-dying lay,
And the dragon-fly had fled away,
Ere he brought it out of the river.

III.

High on the shore sate the great god Pan,
While turbidly flowed the river,
And hacked and hewed as a great god can,
With his hard bleak steel at the patient reed,
Till there was not a sign of a leaf indeed
To prove it fresh from the river.

IV.

He cut it short, did the great god Pan,
(How tall it stood in the river!)
Then drew the pith, like the heart of a man,
Steadily from the outside ring,
Then notched the poor dry empty thing
In holes as he sate by the river.

ELIZABETH BARRETT BROWNING.

v.

“This is the way,” laughed the great god Pan,
(Laughed while he sate by the river !)
“The only way since gods began
To make sweet music they could succeed.”
Then, dropping his mouth to a hole in the reed,
He blew in power by the river.

vi.

Sweet, sweet, sweet, O Pan,
Piercing sweet by the river !
Blinding sweet, O great god Pan !
The sun on the hill forgot to die,
And the lilies revived, and the dragon-fly
Came back to dream on the river.

vii.

Yet half a beast is the great god Pan
To laugh, as he sits by the river,
Making a poet out of a man.
The true gods sigh for the cost and pain,—
For the reed that grows nevermore again
As a reed with the reeds in the river.

1860 Edition.

ROBERT BROWNING.

8. *Song from “Paracelsus.”*

HEAP cassia, sandal-buds, and stripes
Of labdanum, and aloe-balls

ROBERT BROWNING.

Smeared with dull nard an Indian wipes
From out her hair : (such balsam falls
Down sea-side mountain pedestals,
From summits where tired winds are fain,
Spent with the vast and howling main,
To treasure half their island-gain.)

And strew faint sweetness from some old
Egyptian's fine worm-eaten shroud,
Which breaks to dust when once unrolled ;
And shred dim perfume, like a cloud
From chamber long to quiet vowed,
With mothed and dropping arras hung,
Mouldering the lute and books among
Of queen, long dead, who lived there young

1849 Edition.

9.

Evelyn Hope.

I.

BEAUTIFUL Evelyn Hope is dead !
Sit and watch by her side an hour.
That is her book-shelf, this her bed ;
She plucked that piece of geranium-flower,
Beginning to die too, in the glass ;
Little has yet been changed, I think :
The shutters are shut, no light may pass
Save two long rays thro' the hinge's chink.

II.

Sixteen years old when she died !
Perhaps she had scarcely heard my name ;

ROBERT BROWNING.

It was not her time to love ; beside,
 Her life had many a hope and aim,
Duties enough and little cares,
 And now was quiet, now astir,
Till God's hand beckoned unawares,—
 And the sweet white brow is all of her.

III.

Is it too late then, Evelyn Hope ?
 What, your soul was pure and true,
The good stars met in your horoscope,
 Made you of spirit, fire and dew—
And, just because I was thrice as old
 And our paths in the world diverged so wide,
Each was nought to each, must I be told ?
 We were fellow mortals, nought beside ?

IV.

No, indeed ! for God above
 Is great to grant, as mighty to make,
And creates the love to reward the love :
 I claim you still, for my own love's sake !
Delayed it may be for more lives yet,
 Through worlds I shall traverse, not a few :
Much is to learn, much to forget
 Ere the time be come for taking you.

V.

But the time will come,—at last it will,
 When, Evelyn Hope, what meant (I shall say)
In the lower earth, in the years long still,
 That body and soul so pure and gay ?

ROBERT BROWNING.

Why your hair was amber, I shall divine,
And your mouth of your own geranium's red—
And what you would do with me, in fine,
In the new life come in the old one's stead.

VI.

I have lived (I shall say) so much since then,
Given up myself so many times,
Gained me the gains of various men,
Ransacked the ages, spoiled the climes ;
Yet one thing, one, in my soul's full scope,
Either I missed or itself missed me :
And I want and find you, Evelyn Hope !
What is the issue ? let us see !

VII.

I loved you, Evelyn, all the while.
My heart seemed full as it could hold ?
There was place and to spare for the frank young smile,
And the red young mouth, and the hair's young gold.
So, hush,—I will give you this leaf to keep :
See, I shut it inside the sweet cold hand !
There, that is our secret : go to sleep !
You will wake, and remember, and understand.

10. *Home-Thoughts, from Abroad.*

I.

OH, to be in England
Now that April's there,
And whoever wakes in England
Sees, some morning, unaware,

ROBERT BROWNING.

That the lowest boughs and the brushwood sheaf
Round the elm-tree bole are in tiny leaf,
While the chaffinch sings on the orchard bough
In England—now !

II.

And after April, when May follows,
And the whitethroat builds, and all the swallows !
Hark, where my blossomed pear-tree in the hedge
Leans to the field and scatters on the clover
Blossoms and dewdrops—at the bent spray's
edge—
That's the wise thrush ; he sings each song twice
over,
Lest you should think he never could recapture
The first fine careless rapture !
And though the fields look rough with hoary
dew,
All will be gay when noon tide wakes anew
The buttercups, the little children's dower
—Far brighter than this gaudy melon-flower !

II.

One Way of Love.

I.

ALL June I bound the rose in sheaves.
Now, rose by rose, I strip the leaves
And strew them where Pauline may pass.
She will not turn aside ? Alas !
Let them lie. Suppose they die ?
The chance was they might take her eye.

ROBERT BROWNING.

II.

How many a month I strove to suit
These stubborn fingers to the lute !
To-day I venture all I know.
She will not hear my music ? So !
Break the string ; fold music's wing :
Suppose Pauline had bade me sing !

III.

My whole life long I learned to love.
This hour my utmost art I prove
And speak my passion—heaven or hell ?
She will not give me heaven ? 'Tis well !
Lose who may—I still can say,
Those who win heaven, blest are they !

I2.

In a Year.

I.

NEVER any more,
While I live,
Need I hope to see his face
As before.
Once his love grown chill,
Mine may strive :
Bitterly we re-embrace,
Single still.

II.

Was it something said,
Something done,

ROBERT BROWNING.

Vexed him? was it touch of hand,
Turn of head?
Strange! that very way
Love begun:
I as little understand
Love's decay.

III.

When I sewed or drew,
I recall
How he looked as if I sung,
—Sweetly too.
If I spoke a word,
First of all
Up his cheek the colour sprung,
Then he heard.

IV.

Sitting by my side,
At my feet,
So he breathed but air I breathed,
Satisfied!
I, too, at love's brim
Touched the sweet:
I would die if death bequeathed
Sweet to him.

V.

“ Speak, I love thee best! ”
He exclaimed:
“ Let thy love my own foretell! ”
I confessed:

ROBERT BROWNING.

“ Clasp my heart on thine
 “ Now unblamed,
“ Since upon thy soul as well
 “ Hangeth mine ! ”

VI.

Was it wrong to own,
 Being truth ?
Why should all the giving prove
 His alone ?
I had wealth and ease,
 Beauty, youth :
Since my lover gave me love,
 I gave these.

VII.

That was all I meant,
 —To be just,
And the passion I had raised,
 To content.
Since he chose to change
 Gold for dust,
If I gave him what he praised
 Was it strange ?

VIII.

Would he loved me yet,
 On and on,
While I found some way undreamed
 —Paid my debt !
Gave more life and more,
 Till, all gone,

ROBERT BROWNING.

He should smile “ She never seemed
“ Mine before.

IX.

“ What, she felt the while,
“ Must I think ?
“ Love’s so different with us men ! ”
 He should smile :
“ Dying for my sake—
“ White and pink !
“ Can’t we touch these bubbles then
“ But they break ? ”

X.

Dear, the pang is brief,
 Do thy part,
Have thy pleasure ! How perplexed
 Grows belief !
Well, this cold clay clod
 Was man’s heart :
Crumble it, and what comes next ?
 Is it God ?

1896 Edition.

ROBERT BURNS.

13. O, Wert Thou in the Cauld Blast.

I.

O, WERT thou in the cauld blast
 On yonder lea, on yonder lea,
My plaidie to the angry airt,
 I’d shelter thee, I’d shelter thee.

ROBERT BURNS.

Or did Misfortune's bitter storms
 Around thee blaw, around thee blaw,
Thy bield should be my bosom,
 To share it a', to share it a'.

II.

Or were I in the wildest waste,
 Sae black and bare, sae black and bare,
The desert were a Paradise,
 If thou wert there, if thou wert there.
Or were I monarch of the globe,
 Wi' thee to reign, wi' thee to reign,
The brightest jewel in my crown
 Wad be my queen, wad be my queen.

14. *How Lang and Dreary is the Night.*

Chorus.

For O, her lanely nights are lang,
 And O, her dreams are eerie,
And O, her widow'd heart is sair,
 That's absent frae her dearie !

I.

HOW lang and dreary is the night,
 When I am frae my dearie !
I restless lie frae e'en to morn,
 Tho' I were ne'er sae weary.

II.

When I think on the lightsome days
 I spent wi' thee, my dearie,

ROBERT BURNS.

And now what seas between us roar,
How can I be but eerie ?

III.

How slow ye move, ye heavy hours !
The joyless day how dreary !
It was na sae ye glinted by,
When I was wi' my dearie !

Chorus.

For O, her lanely nights are lang,
And O, her dreams are eerie,
And O, her widow'd heart is sair,
That's absent frae her dearie !

15. *My Heart's in the Highlands.*

Chorus.

My heart's in the Highlands, my heart is not
here,
My heart's in the Highlands a-chasing the deer,
A-chasing the wild deer and following the
roe—
My heart's in the Highlands, wherever I go !

I.

FAREWELL to the Highlands, farewell to the
North,
The birthplace of valour, the country of worth !
Wherever I wander, wherever I rove,
The hills of the Highlands for ever I love.

ROBERT BURNS.

II.

Farewell to the mountains high cover'd with snow,
Farewell to the straths and green valleys below,
Farewell to the forests and wild-hanging woods,
Farewell to the torrents and loud-pouring floods !

Chorus.

My heart's in the Highlands, my heart is not
here,
My heart's in the Highlands a-chasing the deer,
A-chasing the wild deer and following the
roe—
My heart's in the Highlands, wherever I go !

16. *Thou Linger ing Star.*

I.

THOU ling'ring star with less'ning ray,
That lov'st to greet the early morn,
Again thou usher'st in the day
 My Mary from my soul was torn.
O Mary, dear departed shade !
 Where is thy place of blissful rest ?
See'st thou thy lover lowly laid ?
 Hear'st thou the groans that rend his breast ?

II.

That sacred hour can I forget,
Can I forget the hallow'd grove,
Where, by the winding Ayr, we met
 To live one day of parting love ?

ROBERT BURNS.

Eternity cannot efface
Those records dear of transports past,
Thy image at our last embrace—
Ah ! little thought we 'twas our last !

III.

Ayr, gurgling, kiss'd his pebbled shore,
O'erhung with wild woods thickening green ;
The fragrant birch and hawthorn hoar
‘Twin'd amorous round the raptur'd scene ;
The flowers sprang wanton to be prest,
The birds sang love on every spray,
Till too, too soon, the glowing west
Proclaim'd the speed of wingèd day.

IV.

Still o'er these scenes my mem'ry wakes,
And fondly broods with miser-care.
Time but th' impression stronger makes,
As streams their channels deeper wear.
O Mary, dear departed shade !
Where is thy place of blissful rest ?
See'st thou thy lover lowly laid ?
Hear'st thou the groans that rend his breast ?

17.

The Blue-Eyed Lassie.

I.

I GAED a waefu' gate yestreen,
A gate I fear I'll dearly rue :
I gat my death frae twa sweet een,
Twa lovely een o' bonie blue !

ROBERT BURNS.

'Twas not her golden ringlets bright,
Her lips like roses wat wi' dew,
Her heaving bosom lily-white :
It was her een sae bonie blue.

II.

She talk'd, she smil'd, my heart she wyl'd,
She charm'd my soul I wist na how ;
And ay the stound, the deadly wound,
Cam frae her een sae bonie blue.
But "spare to speak, and spare to speed"—
She'll aiblins listen to my vow :
Should she refuse, I'll lay my dead
To her twa een sae bonie blue.

13.

Bonie Wee Thing.

Chorus.

Bonie wee thing, cannie wee thing,
Lovely wee thing, wert thou mine,
I wad wear thee in my bosom
Lest my jewel it should tine.

I.

WISHFULLY I look and languish
In that bonie face o' thine,
And my heart it stounds wi' anguish,
Lest my wee thing be na mine.

II.

Wit and Grace and Love and Beauty
In ae constellation shine !

ROBERT BURNS.

To adore thee is my duty,
Goddess o' this soul o' mine !

Chorus.

Bonie wee thing, cannie wee thing,
Lovely wee thing, wert thou mine,
I wad wear thee in my bosom
Lest my jewel it should tine.

19.

Sweet Afton.

I.

FLOW gently, sweet Afton, among thy green
braes !
Flow gently, I'll sing thee a song in thy praise !
My Mary's asleep by thy murmuring stream—
Flow gently, sweet Afton, disturb not her dream !

II.

Thou stock dove whose echo resounds thro' the
glen,
Ye wild whistling blackbirds in yon thorny den,
Thou green-crested lapwing, thy screaming for-
bear—
I charge you, disturb not my slumbering fair !

III.

How lofty, sweet Afton, thy neighbouring hills,
Far mark'd with the courses of clear, winding rills !
There daily I wander, as noon rises high,
My flocks and my Mary's sweet cot in my eye.

ROBERT BURNS.

IV.

How pleasant thy banks and green vallies below,
Where wild in the woodlands the primroses blow !
There oft, as mild Ev'ning weeps over the lea,
The sweet-scented birk shades my Mary and me.

V.

Thy crystal stream, Afton, how lovely it glides,
And winds by the cot where my Mary resides !
How wanton thy waters her snowy feet lave,
As, gathering sweet flowerets, she stems thy clear wave!

VI.

Flow gently, sweet Afton, among thy green braes !
Flow gently, sweet river, the theme of my lays !
My Mary's asleep by thy murmuring stream—
Flow gently, sweet Afton, disturb not her dream !

20.

Out over the Forth.

I.

OUT over the Forth, I look to the north—
But what is the north, and its Highlands to me ?
The south nor the east gie ease to my breast,
The far foreign land or the wide rolling sea !

II.

But I look to the west, when I gae to rest,
That happy my dreams and my slumbers may be ;
For far in the west lives he I loe best,
The man that is dear to my babie and me.

Henderson and Henley's Text.

LORD BYRON.

21. *And Thou art Dead, as Young and Fair.*

"Heu, quanto minus est cum reliquis versari quam tui
meninisse!"

I.

AND thou art dead, as young and fair
As aught of mortal birth ;
And form so soft, and charms so rare,
Too soon returned to Earth !
Though Earth received them in her bed,
And o'er the spot the crowd may tread
In carelessness or mirth,
There is an eye which could not brook
A moment on that grave to look.

II.

I will not ask where thou liest low,
Nor gaze upon the spot ;
There flowers or weeds at will may grow,
So I behold them not :
It is enough for me to prove
That what I loved, and long must love,
Like common earth can rot ;
To me there needs no stone to tell,
'Tis Nothing that I loved so well.

III.

Yet did I love thee to the last
As fervently as thou,
Who didst not change through all the past,
And canst not alter now.

LORD BYRON.

The love where Death has set his seal,
Nor age can chill, nor rival steal,
 Nor falsehood disavow :
And, what were worse, thou canst not see
Or wrong, or change, or fault in me.

IV.

The better days of life were ours ;
 The worst can be but mine :
The sun that cheers, the storm that lowers,
 Shall never more be thine.
The silence of that dreamless sleep
I envy now too much to weep ;
 Nor need I to repine,
That all those charms have passed away
I might have watched through long decay

V.

The flower in ripened bloom unmatched
 Must fall the earliest prey ;
Though by no hand untimely snatched,
 The leaves must drop away :
And yet it were a greater grief
To watch it withering, leaf by leaf,
 Than see it plucked to-day ;
Since earthly eye but ill can bear
To trace the change to foul from fair.

VI.

I know not if I could have borne
 To see thy beauties fade ;
The night that followed such a morn
 Had worn a deeper shade :

LORD BYRON.

Thy day without a cloud hath passed,
And thou wert lovely to the last ;
Extinguished, not decayed ;
As stars that shoot along the sky
Shine brightest as they fall from high.

VII.

As once I wept, if I could weep,
My tears might well be shed,
To think I was not near to keep
One vigil o'er thy bed ;
To gaze, how fondly ! on thy face,
To fold thee in a faint embrace,
Uphold thy drooping head ;
And show that love, however vain,
Nor thou nor I can feel again.

VIII.

Yet how much less it were to gain,
Though thou hast left me free,
The loveliest things that still remain,
Than thus remember thee !
The all of thine that cannot die
Through dark and dread Eternity
Returns again to me,
And more thy buried love endears
Than aught, except its living years.

I.

BRIGHT be the place of thy soul !
No lovelier spirit than thine

LORD BYRON.

E'er burst from its mortal control,
 In the orbs of the blessed to shine.
On earth thou wert all but divine,
 As thy soul shall immortally be ;
And our sorrow may cease to repine
 When we know that thy God is with thee.

II.

Light be the turf of thy tomb !
 May its verdure like emeralds be !
There should not be the shadow of gloom
 In aught that reminds us of thee.
Young flowers and an evergreen tree
 May spring from the spot of thy rest :
But nor cypress nor yew let us see ;
 For why should we mourn for the blest ?

Coleridge's Text.

THOMAS CAMPBELL.

23. *The Soldier's Dream.*

OUR bugles sang truce—for the night-cloud had
 lower'd,
And the sentinel stars set their watch in the sky ;
And thousands had sunk on the ground overpower'd,
 The weary to sleep, and the wounded to die.

When reposing that night on my pallet of straw,
 By the wolf-scaring faggot that guarded the slain ;
At the dead of the night a sweet vision I saw,
 And thrice ere the morning I dreamt it again.

THOMAS CAMPBELL.

Methought from the battle-field's dreadful array,
Far, far I had roam'd on a desolate track :
'Twas Autumn,—and sunshine arose on the way
To the home of my fathers, that welcomed me
back.

I flew to the pleasant fields traversed so oft
In life's morning march, when my bosom was
young ;
I heard my own mountain-goats bleating aloft,
And knew the sweet strain that the corn-reapers
sung.

Then pledged we the wine-cup, and fondly I swore,
From my home and my weeping friends never to
part ;
My little ones kiss'd me a thousand times o'er,
And my wife sobb'd aloud in her fulness of heart.

Stay, stay with us,—rest, thou art weary and worn ;
And fain was their war-broken soldier to stay ;—
But sorrow return'd with the dawning of morn,
And the voice in my dreaming ear melted away.

24. *A Thought Suggested by the New Year.*

THE more we live, more brief appear
Our life's succeeding stages :
A day to childhood seems a year,
And years like passing ages.

THOMAS CAMPBELL.

The gladsome current of our youth,
Ere passion yet disorders,
Steals, lingering like a river smooth
Along its grassy borders.

But, as the care-worn cheek grows wan,
And sorrow's shafts fly thicker,
Ye stars, that measure life to man,
Why seem your courses quicker ?

When joys have lost their bloom and breath,
And life itself is vapid,
Why, as we reach the Falls of death,
Feel we its tide more rapid ?

It may be strange—yet who would change,
Time's course to slower speeding ;
When one by one our friends have gone,
And left our bosoms bleeding ?

Heaven gives our years of fading strength
Indemnifying fleetness ;
And those of Youth, a *seeming length*,
Proportion'd to their sweetness.

1840 Edition.

THOMAS CAREW

25. *Disdain Returned.*

HE that loves a rosy cheek,
Or a coral lip admires,

THOMAS CAREW.

Or from star-like eyes doth seek
Fuel to maintain his fires ;
As old Time makes these decay,
So his flames must waste away.

But a smooth and stedfast mind,
Gentle thoughts and calm desires,
Hearts with equal love combin'd,
Kindle never-dying fires.
Where these are not, I despise
Lovely cheeks, or lips, or eyes.

No tears, Celia, now shall win
My resolv'd heart to return ;
I have search'd thy soul within,
And find nought but pride and scorn :
I have learn'd thy arts, and now
Can disdain as much as thou.
Some pow'r, in my revenge, convey
That love to her I cast away.

26.

Song.

Ask me no more where Jove bestows,
When June is past, the fading rose ;
For in your beauties, orient deep
These flow'rs, as in their causes, sleep.

Ask me no more, whither do stray
The golden atoms of the day ;
For, in pure love, Heaven did prepare
Those powders to enrich your hair.

THOMAS CAREW.

Ask me no more, whither doth haste
The nightingale, when May is past ;
For in your sweet dividing throat
She winters, and keeps warm her note.

Ask me no more, where those stars light,
That downwards fall in dead of night ;
For in your eyes they sit, and there
Fixed become, as in their sphere.

Ask me no more, if east or west,
The phoenix builds her spicy nest ;
For unto you at last she flies,
And in your fragrant bosom dies.

1810 Edition.

SAMUEL TAYLOR COLERIDGE.

27. *Kubla Khan; or, A Vision in a Dream.*

A FRAGMENT.

In the summer of the year 1797, the Author, then in ill health, had retired to a lonely farm-house between Porlock and Linton, on the Exmoor confines of Somerset and Devonshire. In consequence of a slight indisposition, an anodyne had been prescribed, from the effect of which he fell asleep in his chair at the moment he was reading the following sentence, or words of the same substance, in "Purchas's Pilgrimage":—"Here the Khan Kubla commanded a palace to be built, and a stately garden thereunto : and thus ten miles of fertile ground were inclosed with a wall." The author continued for about three hours in a profound sleep, at least of the external senses, during which time he has the most vivid confidence that he could not have composed less

SAMUEL TAYLOR COLERIDGE.

than from two to three hundred lines; if that indeed can be called composition in which all the images rose up before him as things, with a parallel production of the correspondent expressions, without any sensation or consciousness of effort. On awaking he appeared to himself to have a distinct recollection of the whole, and taking his pen, ink, and paper, instantly and eagerly wrote down the lines that are here preserved. At this moment he was unfortunately called out by a person on business from Porlock, and detained by him above an hour, and on his return to his room, found, to his no small surprise and mortification, that though he still retained some vague and dim recollection of the general purport of the vision, yet, with the exception of some eight or ten scattered lines and images, all the rest had passed away like the images on the surface of a stream into which a stone had been cast, but, alas! without the after restoration of the latter.

Then all the charm
Is broken—all that phantom-world so fair
Vanishes, and a thousand circlets spread,
And each mis-shape the other. Stay awhile,
Poor youth! who scarcely dar'st lift up thine eyes—
The stream will soon renew its smoothness, soon
The visions will return! And lo! he stays,
And soon the fragments dim of lovely forms
Come trembling back, unite, and now once more
The pool becomes a mirror.

Yet from the still surviving recollections in his mind, the Author has frequently purposed to finish for himself what had been originally, as it were, given to him.
Ἄρπιον ἀδιον ἀστω: but the to-morrow is yet to come.

1816.

IN Xanadu did Kubla Khan
A stately pleasure-dome decree :
Where Alph, the sacred river, ran
Through caverns measureless to man
Down to a sunless sea.

So twice five miles of fertile ground
With walls and towers were girdled round .

SAMUEL TAYLOR COLERIDGE.

And there were gardens bright with sinuous rills
Where blossomed many an incense-bearing tree ;
And here were forests ancient as the hills,
Enfolding sunny spots of greenery.

But oh ! that deep romantic chasm which slanted
Down the green hill athwart a cedar cover !
A savage place ! as holy and enchanted
As e'er beneath a waning moon was haunted
By woman wailing for her demon-lover !
And from this chasm, with ceaseless turmoil seething,
As if this earth in fast thick pants were breathing,
A mighty fountain momently was forced ;
Amid whose swift half-intermittent burst
Huge fragments vaulted like rebounding hail,
Or chaffy grain beneath the thresher's flail :
And 'mid these dancing rocks at once and ever
It flung up momently the sacred river.
Five miles meandering with a mazy motion
Through wood and dale the sacred river ran,
Then reached the caverns measureless to man,
And sank in tumult to a lifeless ocean :
And 'mid this tumult Kubla heard from far
Ancestral voices prophesying war !

The shadow of the dome of pleasure
Floated midway on the waves ;
Where was heard the mingled measure
From the fountain and the caves.
It was a miracle of rare device,
A sunny pleasure-dome with caves of ice !
A damsel with a dulcimer
In a vision once I saw :

SAMUEL TAYLOR COLERIDGE.

It was an Abyssinian maid,
And on her dulcimer she played,
Singing of Mount Abora.
Could I revive within me
Her symphony and song,
To such a deep delight 'twould win me
That with music loud and long,
I would build that dome in air,
That sunny dome ! those caves of ice !
And all who heard should see them there,
And all should cry, Beware ! Beware !
His flashing eyes, his floating hair !
Weave a circle round him thrice,
And close your eyes with holy dread,
For he on honey-dew hath fed,
And drunk the milk of Paradise.

28.

The Pains of Sleep.

As a contrast to this vision I have annexed a fragment of a very different character, describing with equal fidelity the dream of pain and disease.

ERE on my bed my limbs I lay,
It hath not been my use to pray
With moving lips or bended knees ;
But silently, by slow degrees,
My spirit I to Love compose,
In humble trust mine eye-lids close,
With reverential resignation,
No wish conceived, no thought exprest,
Only a sense of supplication ;

SAMUEL TAYLOR COLERIDGE.

A sense o'er all my soul imprest
That I am weak, yet not unblest,
Since in me, round me, every where
Eternal strength and wisdom are.

But yester-night I prayed aloud
In anguish and in agony,
Up-starting from the fiendish crowd
Of shapes and thoughts that tortured me :
A lurid light, a trampling throng,
Sense of intolerable wrong,
And whom I scorned, those only strong !
Thirst of revenge, the powerless will
Still baffled, and yet burning still !
Desire with loathing strangely mixed
On wild or hateful objects fixed.
Fantastic passions ! maddening brawl !
And shame and terror over all !
Deeds to be hid which were not hid,
Which all confused I could not know,
Whether I suffered, or I did :
For all seemed guilt, remorse or woe,
My own or others still the same
Life-stifling fear, soul-stifling shame.

So two nights passed : the night's dismay
Saddened and stunned the coming day.
Sleep, the wide blessing, seemed to me
Distemper's worst calamity.
The third night, when my own loud scream
Had waked me from the fiendish dream,
O'ercome with sufferings strange and wild,
I wept as I had been a child ;

SAMUEL TAYLOR COLERIDGE.

And having thus by tears subdued
My anguish to a milder mood,
Such punishments, I said, were due
To natures deepest stained with sin,—
For aye entempesting anew
The unfathomable hell within
The horror of their deeds to view,
To know and loathe, yet wish and do !
Such griefs with such men well agree,
But wherefore, wherefore fall on me ?
To be beloved is all I need,
And whom I love, I love indeed.

1869 Edition.

ABRAHAM COWLEY.

29.

The Wish.

WELL then ; I now do plainly see
This busy world and I shall ne'er agree ;
The very honey of all earthly joy
Does of all meats the soonest cloy ;
And they, methinks, deserve my pity,
Who for it can endure the stings,
The crowd, and buz, and murmurings,
Of this great hive, the city.

Ah, yet, ere I descend to th' grave,
May I a small house and large garden have !
And a few friends, and many books, both true,
Both wise, and both delightful too !
And, since love ne'er will from me flee,

ABRAHAM COWLEY.

A mistress moderately fair,
And good as guardian-angels are,
Only belov'd, and loving me !

Oh, fountains ! when in you shall I
Myself, eas'd of unpeaceful thoughts, espy ?
Oh fields ! oh woods ! when, when shall I be
made
The happy tenant of your shade ?
Here's the spring-head of Pleasure's flood ;
Where all the riches lie, that she
Has coin'd and stamp'd for good.

Pride and ambition here
Only in far-fetch'd metaphors appear ;
Here nought but winds can hurtful murmurs
scatter,
And nought but Echo flatter.
The gods, when they descended, hither
From Heaven did always choose their way ;
And therefore we may boldly say,
That 'tis the way too thither.

How happy here should I,
And one dear she, live, and embracing die !
She, who is all the world, and can exclude
In deserts solitude.
I should have then this only fear—
Lest men, when they my pleasures see,
Should hither throng to live like me,
And so make a city here.

1810 Edition.

WILLIAM COWPER.

30. *On the Loss of the Royal George.*

Written When the News Arrived.

To the March in Scipio.

TOLL for the brave,
The brave that are no more !
All sunk beneath the wave,
Fast by their native shore !

Eight hundred of the brave,
Whose courage well was tried,
Had made the vessel heel,
And laid her on her side.

A land-breeze shook the shrouds,
And she was overset ;
Down went the Royal George,
With all her crew complete.

Toll for the brave !
Brave Kempenfelt is gone ;
His last sea-fight is fought ;
His work of glory done.

It was not in the battle ;
No tempest gave the shock ;
She sprang no fatal leak ;
She ran upon no rock.

His sword was in its sheath ;
His fingers held the pen,
When Kempenfelt went down
With twice four hundred men.

WILLIAM COWPER.

Weigh the vessel up,
Once dreaded by our foes !
And mingle with our cup
The tear that England owes.

Her timbers yet are sound,
And she may float again,
Full charged with England's thunder,
And plough the distant main.

But Kempenfelt is gone,
His victories are o'er ;
And he and his eight hundred
Shall plough the wave no more.

1854 Edition.

MICHAEL DRAYTON.

31.

Ideas.

LXI.

SINCE there's no help, come let us kiss and part
Nay I have done, you get no more of me,
And I am glad, yea glad with all my heart,
That thus so cleanly I myself can free ;
Shake hands for ever, cancel all our vows,
And when we meet at any time again,
Be it not seen in either of our brows,
That we one jot of former love retain ;
Now at the last gasp of love's latest breath,
When his pulse failing, passion speechless lies,
When faith is kneeling by his bed of death,

MICHAEL DRAYTON.

And innocence is closing up his eyes,
Now if thou would'st, when all have given him
over,
From death to life thou might'st him yet recover.

1810 Edition.

JOHN DRYDEN.

32. *Alexander's Feast: or, the Power of Music.*

An Ode in Honour of St Cecilia's Day.

'TWAS at the royal feast for Persia won
By Philip's warlike son :
Aloft in awful state
The godlike hero sate
On his imperial throne :
His valiant peers were plac'd around ;
Their brows with roses and with myrtles bound :
(So should desert in arms be crown'd)
The lovely Thais, by his side,
Sate, like a blooming eastern bride,
In flower of youth and beauty's pride.
Happy, happy, happy pair !
None but the brave,
None but the brave,
None but the brave deserves the fair.

Chorus.

Happy, happy, happy pair !

None but the brave,

None but the brave,

None but the brave deserves the fair.

JOHN DRYDEN.

Timotheus, plac'd on high
Amid the tuneful choir,
With flying fingers touch'd the lyre :
The trembling notes ascend the sky,
And heavenly joys inspire.
The song began from Jove,
Who left his blissful seats above,
(Such is the power of mighty love.)
A dragon's fiery form belied the god :
Sublime on radiant spires he rode,
When he to fair Olympia press'd :
And while he sought her snowy breast :
Then, round her slender waist he curl'd,
And stamp'd an image of himself, a sovereign of the
world.
The listening crowd admire the lofty sound,
A present deity, they shout around :
A present deity the vaulted roofs rebound :
With ravish'd ears
The monarch hears,
Assumes the god,
Affects to nod,
And seems to shake the spheres.

Chorus.

With ravish'd ears
The monarch hears,
Assumes the god,
Affects to nod,
And seems to shake the spheres.

The praise of Bacchus then, the sweet musician sung:
Of Bacchus ever fair and ever young :

JOHN DRYDEN.

The jolly god in triumph comes ;
Sound the trumpets ; beat the drums ;
Flush'd with a purple grace
He shows his honest face :

Now give the hautboys breath ; he comes, he comes.
Bacchus, ever fair and young,
Drinking joys did first ordain ;
Bacchus' blessings are a treasure,
Drinking is the soldier's pleasure :
Rich the treasure,
Sweet the pleasure ;
Sweet is pleasure after pain.

Chorus.

Bacchus' blessings are a treasure,
Drinking is the soldier's pleasure ;
Rich the treasure,
Sweet the pleasure ;
Sweet is pleasure after pain.

Sooth'd with the sound, the king grew vain ;
Fought all his battles o'er again ;
And thrice he routed all his foes ; and thrice he slew
the slain.
The master saw the madness rise ;
His glowing cheeks, his ardent eyes ;
And, while he Heaven and Earth defied,
Chang'd his hand, and check'd his pride.
He chose a mournful Muse
Soft pity to infuse :
He sung Darius great and good,
By too severe a fate,
Fallen, fallen, fallen, fallen,

JOHN DRYDEN.

Fallen from his high estate,
And weltring in his blood ;
Deserted, at his utmost need,
By those his former bounty fed :
On the bare earth expos'd he lies,
With not a friend to close his eyes.
With downcast looks the joyless victor sate,
Revolving in his alter'd soul
The various turns of Chance below ;
And, now and then, a sigh he stole ;
And tears began to flow.

Chorus.

Revolving in his alter'd soul
The various turns of Chance below ;
And, now and then, a sigh he stole ;
And tears began to flow.

The mighty master smil'd, to see
That love was in the next degree :
'Twas but a kindred sound to move,
For pity melts the mind to love.
Softly sweet, in Lydian measures,
Soon he sooth'd his soul to pleasures.
War, he sung, is toil and trouble ;
Honour but an empty bubble ;
Never ending, still beginning,
Fighting still, and still destroying ;
If the world be worth thy winning,
Think, O think, it worth enjoying :
Lovely Thais sits beside thee,
Take the good the gods provide thee.
The many rend the skies with loud applause ;

JOHN DRYDEN.

So Love was crown'd, but Music won the cause.

The prince, unable to conceal his pain,

Gaz'd on the fair

Who caus'd his care,

And sigh'd and look'd, sigh'd and look'd,

Sigh'd and look'd, and sigh'd again :

At length, with love and wine at once oppress'd,

The vanquish'd victor sunk upon her breast.

Chorus.

The prince, unable to conceal his pain,

Gaz'd on the fair

Who caus'd his care,

And sigh'd and look'd, sigh'd and look'd,

Sigh'd and look'd, and sigh'd again :

At length, with love and wine at once oppress'd,

The vanquish'd victor sunk upon her breast.

Now strike the golden lyre again :

A louder yet, and yet a louder strain.

Break his bands of sleep asunder,

And rouse him, like a rattling peal of thunder.

Hark, hark, the horrid sound

Has rais'd up his head !

As awak'd from the dead,

And amaz'd, he stares around.

Revenge, revenge, Timotheus cries,

See the Furies arise :

See the snakes that they rear,

How they hiss in their hair,

And the sparkles that flash from their eyes !

Behold a ghastly band,

Each a torch in his hand !

JOHN DRYDEN.

Those are Grecian ghosts, that in battle were slain,
And unburied remain
Inglorious on the plain :
Give the vengeance due
To the valiant crew.

Behold how they toss their torches on high,
How they point to the Persian abodes,
And glittering temples of their hostile gods.
The princes applaud, with a furious joy ;
And the king seiz'd a flambeau with zeal to destroy ;
Thais led the way,
To light him to his prey,
And, like another Helen, fir'd another Troy.

Chorus.

And the king seiz'd a flambeau with zeal to destroy ;
Thais led the way,
To light him to his prey,
And, like another Helen, fir'd another Troy.

Thus, long ago,
Ere heaving bellows learn'd to blow,
While organs yet were mute ;
Timotheus, to his breathing flute,
And sounding lyre,
Could swell the soul to rage, or kindle soft desire.
At last divine Cecilia came,
Inventress of the vocal frame ;
The sweet enthusiast, from her sacred store,
Enlarg'd the former narrow bounds,
And added length to solemn sounds,
With Nature's mother-wit, and arts unknown before.
Let old Timotheus yield the prize,

JOHN DRYDEN.

Or both divide the crown ;
He rais'd a mortal to the skies ;
She drew an angel down.

Grand Chorus.

At last divine Cecilia came,
Inventress of the vocal frame ;
The sweet enthusiast, from her sacred store,
Enlarg'd the former narrow bounds,
And added length to solemn sounds,
With Nature's mother-wit, and arts unknown before.
Let old Timotheus yield the prize,
Or both divide the crown ;
He rais'd a mortal to the skies ;
She drew an angel down.

1810 Edition.

OLIVER GOLDSMITH.

33. *Stanzas on Woman.*

WHEN lovely woman stoops to folly
And finds too late that men betray,
What charm can soothe her melancholy,
What art can wash her guilt away ?

The only art her guilt to cover,
To hide her shame from ev'ry eye,
To give repentance to her lover,
And wring his bosom—is to die.

1816 Edition.

ROBERT HERRICK.

34.

To Dianeme.

SWEET, be not proud of those two eyes
Which starlike sparkle in their skies ;
Nor be you proud, that you can see
All hearts your captives ; yours yet free :
Be you not proud of that rich hair
Which wantons with the lovesick air ;
Whenas that ruby which you wear,
Sunk from the tip of your soft ear,
Will last to be a precious stone
When all your world of beauty's gone.

35.

To Blossoms.

FAIR pledges of a fruitful tree,
Why do ye fall so fast ?
Your date is not so past,
But you may stay yet here awhile
To blush and gently smile,
And go at last.

What, were ye born to be
An hour or half's delight,
And so to bid good-night ?
'Twas pity Nature brought ye forth
Merely to show your worth,
And lose you quite.

But you are lovely leaves, where we
May read how soon things have
Their end, though ne'er so brave :

ROBERT HERRICK.

And after they have shown their pride
Like you, awhile, they glide
Into the grave.

Palgrave's Text.

BEN JONSON.

36. *Song from "Cynthia's Revels."*

QUEEN and huntress, chaste and fair,
Now the Sun is laid to sleep ;
Seated in thy silver chair,
State in wonted manner keep :
Hesperus entreats thy light,
Goddess excellently bright.

Earth, let not thy envious shade
Dare itself to interpose ;
Cynthia's shining orb was made
Heaven to clear, when day did close ;
Bless us then with wished sight,
Goddess excellently bright.

Lay thy bow of pearl apart,
And thy crystal-shining quiver ;
Give unto the flying hart
Space to breathe, how short soever :
Thou that mak'st a day of night,
Goddess excellently bright.

BEN JONSON.

37. *Song from "The Silent Woman."*

STILL to be neat, still to be drest,
As you were going to a feast ;
Still to be powdered, still perfum'd
Lady, it is to be presum'd,
Though art's hid causes are not found,
All is not sweet, all is not sound.
Give me a look, give me a face,
That makes simplicity a grace ;
Robes loosely flowing, hair as free :
Such sweet neglect more taketh me,
Than all th' adulteries of art ;
They strike mine eyes, but not my heart.

1810 Edition.

JOHN KEATS

38. *Ode to Psyche.*

O GODDESS ! hear these tuneless numbers, wrung
By sweet enforcement and remembrance dear,
And pardon that thy secrets should be sung
Even into thine own soft-conched ear :
Surely I dreamt to-day, or did I see
The winged Psyche with awaken'd eyes ?
I wander'd in a forest thoughtlessly,
And, on the sudden, fainting with surprise,
Saw two fair creatures, couched side by side
In deepest grass, beneath the whisp'ring roof
Of leaves and trembled blossoms, where there ran
A brooklet, scarce espied :

JOHN KEATS.

Mid hush'd, cool-rooted flowers, fragrant-eyed,
Blue, silver-white, and budded Tyrian,
They lay calm-breathing, on the bedded grass ;
Their arms embraced, and their pinions too ;
Their lips touch'd not, but had not bade adieu,
As if disjoined by soft-handed slumber,
And ready still past kisses to outnumber
At tender eye-dawn of auoreal love :
The winged boy I knew ;
But who wast thou, O happy, happy dove ?
His Psyche true !

O latest born and loveliest vision far
Of all Olympus' faded hierarchy !
Fairer than Phœbe's sapphire-region'd star,
Or Vesper, amorous glow-worm of the sky ;
Fairer than these, though temple thou hast none,
Nor altar heap'd with flowers ;
Nor virgin-choir to make delicious moan
Upon the midnight hours ;
No voice, no lute, no pipe, no incense sweet
From chain-swung censer teeming ;
No shrine, no grove, no oracle, no heat
Of pale-mouth'd prophet dreaming.

O brightest ! though too late for antique vows,
Too, too late for the fond believing lyre,
When holy were the haunted forest boughs,
Holy the air, the water, and the fire ;
Yet even in these days so far retir'd
From happy pieties, thy lucent fans,
Fluttering among the faint Olympians,
I see, and sing, by my own eyes inspir'd.

JOHN KEATS.

So let me be thy choir, and make a moan
Upon the midnight hours ;
Thy voice, thy lute, thy pipe, thy incense sweet
From swinged censer teeming ;
Thy shrine, thy grove, thy oracle, thy heat
Of pale-mouth'd prophet dreaming.

Yes, I will be thy priest, and build a fane
In some untrodden region of my mind,
Where branched thoughts, new grown with pleasant
pain,
Instead of pines shall murmur in the wind :
Far, far around shall those dark-cluster'd trees
Fledge the wild-ridged mountains steep by steep ;
And there by zephyrs, streams, and birds, and bees,
The moss-lain Dryads shall be lull'd to sleep ;
And in the midst of this wide quietness
A rosy sanctuary will I dress
With the wreath'd trellis of a working brain,
With buds, and bells, and stars without a name,
With all the gardener Fancy e'er could feign,
Who breeding flowers, will never breed the same :
And there shall be for thee all soft delight
That shadowy thought can win,
A bright torch, and a casement ope at night,
To let the warm Love in !

39. *Fragment of an Ode to Maia.*

Written on May Day, 1818.

MOTHER of Hermes ! and still youthful Maia !
May I sing to thee

JOHN KEATS.

As thou wast hymned on the shores of Baiae ?
 Or may I woo thee
In earlier Sicilian ? or thy smiles
Seek as they once were sought, in Grecian isles,
By bards who died content on pleasant sward,
 Leaving great verse unto a little clan ?
O, give me their old vigour, and unheard
 Save of the quiet Primrose, and the span
 Of heaven and few ears.
Rounded by thee, my song should die away
 Content as theirs,
Rich in the simple worship of a day.

40.

Sonnet.

*Written on a Blank Page in Shakespeare's Poems,
facing 'A Lover's Complaint.'*

BRIGHT star, would I were stedfast as thou art—
 Not in lone splendour hung aloft the night
And watching, with eternal lids apart,
 Like nature's patient, sleepless Eremite,
The moving waters at their priestlike task
 Of pure ablution round earth's human shores,
Or gazing on the new soft-fallen mask
 Of snow upon the mountains and the moors—
No—yet still stedfast, still unchangeable,
 Pillow'd upon my fair love's ripening breast,
To feel for ever its soft fall and swell,
 Awake for ever in a sweet unrest,
Still, still to hear her tender-taken breath,
 And so live ever—or else swoon to death.

Buxton Forman's Text.

WALTER SAVAGE LANDOR.

41. *Epitaph.*

I strove with none, for none were worth my strife,
Nature I loved, and next to Nature, Art,
I warmed both hands before the fire of life ;
It sinks, and I am ready to depart.

RICHARD LOVELACE.

42. *To Althea from Prison.*

WHEN Love with unconfined wings
Hovers within my gates,
And my divine Althea brings
To whisper at the grates ;
When I lie tangled in her hair
And fetter'd to her eye,
The birds that wanton in the air
Know no such liberty.

When flowing cups run swiftly round
With no allaying Thames,
Our careless heads with roses crown'd
Our hearts with loyal flames ;
When thirsty grief in wine we steep,
When healths and draughts go free—
Fishes that tipple in the deep
Know no such liberty.

When, linnet-like confinéd, I
With shriller throat shall sing
The sweetness, mercy, majesty
And glories of my King ;

RICHARD LOVELACE

When I shall voice aloud how good
He is, how great should be,
Enlargéd winds, that curl the flood,
Know no such liberty.

Stone walls do not a prison make,
Nor iron bars a cage ;
Minds innocent and quiet take
That for an hermitage ;
If I have freedom in my love
And in my soul am free,
Angels alone, that soar above,
Enjoy such liberty.

Palgrave's Text.

CHRISTOPHER MARLOWE.

43. *The Passionate Shepherd to his Love.*

Come live with me and be my Love,
And we will all the pleasures prove
That hills and valleys, dale and field,
And all the craggy mountains yield.

There will we sit upon the rocks
And see the shepherds feed their flocks,
By shallow rivers, to whose falls
Melodious birds sing madrigals.

There will I make thee beds of roses
And a thousand fragrant posies,
A cap of flowers, and a kirtle
Embroider'd all with leaves of myrtle.

CHRISTOPHER MARLOWE.

A gown made of the finest wool,
Which from our pretty lambs we pull,
Fair linéd slippers for the cold,
With buckles of the purest gold.

A belt of straw and ivy buds
With coral clasps and amber studs :
And if these pleasures may thee move,
Come live with me and be my Love.

Thy silver dishes for thy meat
As precious as the gods do eat,
Shall on an ivory table be
Prepared each day for thee and me.

The shepherd swains shall dance and sing
For thy delight each May-morning :
If these delights thy mind may move,
Then live with me and be my Love.

Palgrave's Text.

JOHN MILTON.

44. *On the late Massacre in Piemont.*

AVENGE, O Lord ! thy slaughter'd Saints,
whose bones
Lie scatter'd on the Alpine mountains cold ;
Even them who kept thy truth so pure of old
When all our fathers worshipt stocks and stones
Forget not : In thy book record their groans
Who were thy sheep, and in their ancient fold

JOHN MILTON.

Slain by the bloody Piemontese, that roll'd
Mother with infant down the rocks. Their moans

The vales redoubled to the hills, and they
To Heaven. Their martyr'd blood and ashes sow
O'er all the Italian fields, where still doth sway
The triple tyrant, that from these may grow
A hundred-fold, who, having learnt Thy way,
Early may fly the Babylonian woe.

Palgrave's Text.

THOMAS MOORE.

45. *Oh ! Breathe not His Name.*

OH ! breathe not his name, let it sleep in the shade,
Where cold and unhonour'd his relics are laid :
Sad, silent, and dark, be the tears that we shed,
As the night-dew that falls on the grass o'er his head.

But the night-dew that falls, though in silence it
 weeps,
Shall brighten with verdure the grave where he
 sleeps ;
And the tear that we shed, though in secret it rolls,
Shall long keep his memory green in our souls.

46. *Rich and Rare were the Gems She wore.*

This ballad is founded upon the following anecdote :—
“ The people were inspired with such a spirit of honour,

THOMAS MOORE.

virtue, and religion, by the great example of Brien, and by his excellent administration, that, as a proof of it, we are informed that a young lady of great beauty, adorned with jewels and a costly dress, undertook a journey alone, from one end of the kingdom to the other, with a wand only in her hand, at the top of which was a ring of exceeding great value; and such an impression had the laws and government of this Monarch made on the minds of all the people, that no attempt was made upon her honour, nor was she robbed of her clothes or jewels."—*Warner's History of Ireland*, vol. i., book x.

RICH and rare were the gems she wore,
And a bright gold ring on her wand she bore ;
But oh ! her beauty was far beyond
Her sparkling gems, or snow-white wand.

"Lady ! dost thou not fear to stray,
"So lone and lovely through this bleak way ?
"Are Erin's sons so good or so cold,
"As not to be tempted by woman or gold ? "

"Sir Knight ! I feel not the least alarm,
"No son of Erin will offer me harm :—
"For though they love woman and golden store,
"Sir Knight ! they love honour and virtue more ! "

On she went, and her maiden smile
In safety lighted her round the Green Isle ;
And blest for ever is she who relied
Upon Erin's honour and Erin's pride.

CHRISTINA GEORGINA ROSSETTI.

47. *A Royal Princess.*

I A PRINCESS king-descended, deckt with
jewels, gilded, drest,
Would rather be a peasant with her baby at her
breast,
For all I shine so like the sun, and am purple like
the west.

Two and two my guards behind, two and two
before,
Two and two on either hand, they guard me ever-
more ;
Me, poor dove that must not coo—eagle that must
not soar.

All my fountains cast up perfumes, all my gardens
grow
Scented woods and foreign spices, with all flowers
in blow
That are costly, out of season as the seasons go.

All my walls are lost in mirrors, whereupon I
trace
Self to right hand, self to left hand, self in every
place,
Self-same solitary figure, self-same seeking face.

Then I have an ivory chair high to sit upon,
Almost like my father's chair which is an ivory
throne ;
There I sit uplift and upright, there I sit alone.

CHRISTINA GEORGINA ROSSETTI.

Alone by day, alone by night, alone days without
end ;
My father and my mother give me treasures, search
and spend—
O my father ! O my mother ! have you ne'er a
friend ?

As I am a lofty princess, so my father is
A lofty king, accomplished in all kingly subtleties,
Holding in his strong right hand world-kingdoms'
balances.

He has quarrelled with his neighbours, he has
scourged his foes ;
Vassal counts and princes follow where his pennon
goes,
Long-descended valiant lords whom the vulture
knows,

On whose track the vulture swoops, when they
ride in state
To break the strength of armies and topple down
the great :
Each of these my courteous servant, none of these
my mate.

My father counting up his strength sets down with
equal pen
So many head of cattle, head of horses, head of
men ;
These for slaughter, these for labour, with the how
and when.

CHRISTINA GEORGINA ROSSETTI.

Some to work on roads, canals ; some to man his
ships ;
Some to smart in mines beneath sharp overseers'
whips ;
Some to trap fur-beasts in lands where utmost
winter nips.

Once it came into my heart, and whelmed me like
a flood,
That these too are men and women, human flesh
and blood ;
Men with hearts and men with souls, though
trodden down like mud.

Our feasting was not glad that night, our music
was not gay :
On my mother's graceful head I marked a thread
of grey,
My father frowning at the fare seemed every dish
to weigh.

I sat beside them sole princess in my exalted place,
My ladies and my gentlemen stood by me on the
dais :
A mirror showed me I look old and haggard in the
face ;

It showed me that my ladies all are fair to gaze
upon,
Plump, plenteous-haired, to every one love's secret
lore is known,
They laugh by day, they sleep by night ; ah me,
what is a throne ?

CHRISTINA GEORGINA ROSSETTI

The singing men and women sang that night as usual,
The dancers danced in pairs and sets, but music had a fall,
A melancholy windy fall as at a funeral.

Anied the toss of torches to my chamber back we swept ;
My ladies loosed my golden chain ; meantime I could have wept
To think of some in galling chains whether they waked or slept.

I took my bath of scented milk, delicately waited on :
They burned sweet things for my delight, cedar and cinnamon,
They lit my shaded silver lamp, and left me there alone.

A day went by, a week went by. One day I heard it said :
“ Men are clamouring, women, children, clamouring to be fed ;
Men like famished dogs are howling in the streets for bread.”

So two whispered by my door, not thinking I could hear,
Vulgar naked truth, ungarnished for a royal ear ;
Fit for cooping in the background, not to stalk so near.

CHRISTINA GEORGINA ROSSETTI.

But I strained my utmost sense to catch this truth,
and mark :

“ There are families out grazing, like cattle in the
park.”

“ A pair of peasants must be saved, even if we build
an ark.”

A merry jest, a merry laugh : each strolled upon his
way ;

One was my page, a lad I reared and bore with day
by day ;

One was my youngest maid, as sweet and white as
cream in May.

Other footsteps followed softly with a weightier
tramp ;

Voices said : “ Picked soldiers have been summoned
from the camp,

To quell these base-born ruffians who make free to
howl and stamp.”

“ Howl and stamp ? ” one answered : “ They made
free to hurl a stone

At the minister’s state coach, well aimed and stoutly
thrown.”

“ There’s work then for the soldiers, for this rank
crop must be known.”

“ One I saw, a poor old fool with ashes on his head,
Whimpering because a girl had snatched his crust
of bread :

Then he dropped ; when some one raised him, it
turned out he was dead.”

CHRISTINA GEORGINA ROSSETTI.

“After us the deluge,” was retorted with a laugh :
“If bread’s the staff of life they must walk without
a staff.”

“While I’ve a loaf they’re welcome to my blessing
and the chaff.”

These passed. “The king :” stand up. Said my
father with a smile :

“Daughter mine, your mother comes to sit with
you awhile ;

She’s sad to-day, and who but you her sadness can
beguile ?”

He too left me. Shall I touch my harp now while
I wait,—

(I hear them doubling guard below before our palace
gate)—

Or shall I work the last gold stitch into my veil of
state ;

Or shall my woman stand and read some unim-
passioned scene,—

There’s music of a lulling sort in words that pause
between ;

Or shall she merely fan me while I wait here for
the queen ?

Again I caught my father’s voice in sharp word of
command :

“Charge” a clash of steel : “Charge again, the
rebels stand.

Smite and spare not, hand to hand ; smite and spare
not, hand to hand.”

CHRISTINA GEORGINA ROSSETTI.

There swelled a tumult at the gate, high voices
waxing higher ;
A flash of red reflected light lit the cathedral spire ;
I heard a cry for faggots, then I heard a yell for
fire.

“ Sit and roast there with your meat, sit and bake
there with your bread,
You who sat to see us starve,” one shrieking
woman said :
“ Sit on your throne and roast with your crown
upon your head.”

Nay, this thing will I do, while my mother tarrieth,
I will take my fine spun gold, but not to sew
therewith,
I will take my gold and gems, and rainbow fan and
wreath ;

With a ransom in my lap, a king’s ransom in my
hand,
I will go down to this people, will stand face to
face, will stand
Where they curse king, queen, and princess of this
cursed land.

They shall take all to buy them bread, take all I
have to give ;
I, if I perish, perish ; they to-day shall eat and
live ;
I, if I perish, perish—that’s the goal I half con-
ceive :

CHRISTINA GEORGINA ROSSETTI.

Once to speak before the world, rend bare my
heart, and show
The lesson I have learned, which is death, is life,
to know.
I, if I perish, perish : in the name of God I go.

48.

Song.

WHEN I am dead, my dearest,
 Sing no sad songs for me ;
Plant thou no roses at my head,
 Nor shady cypress tree :
Be the green grass above me
 With showers and dewdrops wet :
And if thou wilt, remember,
 And if thou wilt, forget.

I shall not see the shadows,
 I shall not feel the rain ;
I shall not hear the nightingale
 Sing on as if in pain :
And dreaming through the twilight
 That doth not rise nor set,
Haply I may remember,
 And haply may forget.

49.

Remember.

REMEMBER me when I am gone away,
 Gone far away into the silent land ;
When you can no more hold me by the hand,
 Nor I half turn to go yet turning stay

CHRISTINA GEORGINA ROSSETTI.

Remember me when no more day by day
 You tell me of our future that you plann'd :
 Only remember me ; you understand
It will be late to counsel then or pray.
Yet if you should forget me for a while
 And afterwards remember, do not grieve :
 For if the darkness and corruption leave
 A vestige of the thoughts that once I had,
Better by far you should forget and smile
 Than that you should remember and be sad.

1904 Edition.

DANTE GABRIEL ROSSETTI

50. *Sudden Light.*

I HAVE been here before,
 But when or how I cannot tell :
I know the grass beyond the door,
 The sweet keen smell,
The sighing sound, the lights around the shore.

You have been mine before,—
 How long ago I may not know :
But just when at that swallow's soar
 Your neck turned so,
Some veil did fall,—I knew it all of yore.

Has this been thus before ?
 And shall not thus time's eddying flight
Still with our lives our love restore
 In death's despite,
And day and night yield one delight once more ?

1886 Edition.

SIR WALTER SCOTT.

51. *Song from "The Lady of the Lake."*

SOLDIER, rest ! thy warfare o'er,
Sleep the sleep that knows not breaking ;
Dream of battled fields no more,
Days of danger, nights of waking.

In our isle's enchanted hall,
Hands unseen thy couch are strewing,
Fairy strains of music fall,
Every sense in slumber dewing.

Soldier, rest ! thy warfare o'er,
Dream of fighting fields no more :
Sleep the sleep that knows not breaking,
Morn of toil, nor night of waking.

No rude sound shall reach thine ear,
Armour's clang, or war-steed champing,
Trump nor pibroch summon here

Mustering clan, or squadron tramping,
Yet the lark's shrill fife may come

At the day-break from the fallow,
And the bittern sound his drum,

Booming from the sedgy shallow.
Ruder sounds shall none be near,
Guards nor warders challenge here,
Here's no war-steed's neigh and champing,
Shouting clans, or squadrons stamping.

Huntsman, rest ! thy chase is done,
While our slumbrous spells assail ye,
Dream not, with the rising sun,
Bugles here shall sound reveillé.
Sleep ! the deer is in his den ;
Sleep ! thy hounds are by thee lying ;

SIR WALTER SCOTT.

Sleep ! nor dream in yonder glen,
How thy gallant steed lay dying.
Huntsman, rest ! thy chase is done,
Think not of the rising sun,
For at dawning to assail ye,
Here no bugles sound reveillé.

52.

Jock of Hazeldean.

I.

“ WHY weep ye by the tide, ladie ?
Why weep ye by the tide ?
I'll wed ye to my youngest son,
And ye sall be his bride :
And ye sall be his bride, ladie,
Sae comely to be seen ”—
But aye she loot the tears down fa'
For Jock of Hazeldean.

II.

“ Now let this wilfu' grief be done,
And dry that cheek so pale ;
Young Frank is chief of Errington,
And lord of Langley-dale ;
His step is first in peaceful ha',
His sword in battle keen ”—
But aye she loot the tears down fa'
For Jock of Hazeldean.

III.

“ A chain of gold ye sall not lack,
Nor braid to bind your hair ;

SIR WALTER SCOTT.

Nor mettled hound, nor managed hawk,
Nor palfrey fresh and fair ;
And you, the foremost o' them a',
Shall ride our forest queen"—
But aye she loot the tears down fa'
For Jock of Hazeldean.

IV.

The kirk was deck'd at morning-tide,
The tapers glimmer'd fair ;
The priest and bridegroom wait the bride,
And dame and knight are there.
They sought her baith by bower and ha' ;
The ladie was not seen !
She's o'er the Border, and awa'
Wi' Jock of Hazeldean.

53. *Motto from "Old Mortality."*

SOUND, sound the clarion, fill the fife !
To all the sensual world proclaim,
One crowded hour of glorious life
Is worth an age without a name.

54. *Stanzas from "The Pirate."*

AND you shall deal the funeral dole ;
Ay, deal it, mother mine,
To weary body, and to heavy soul,
The white bread and the wine

SIR WALTER SCOTT

And you shall deal my horses of pride ;
Ay, deal them, mother mine ;
And you shall deal my lands so wide,
And deal my castles nine.

But deal not vengeance for the deed,
And deal not for the crime ;
The body to its place, and the soul to Heaven's
grace,
And the rest in God's own time.

55. *Motto from "The Talisman."*

THE tears I shed must ever fall !
I weep not for an absent swain,
For time may happier hours recall,
And parted lovers meet again.

I weep not for the silent dead,
Their pains are past, their sorrows o'er,
And those that loved their steps must tread,
When death shall join to part no more.

But worse than absence, worse than death,
She wept her lover's sullied fame,
And, fired with all the pride of birth,
She wept a soldier's injured name.

1841 Edition.

WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE.

56. *Song from "The Tempest."*

WHERE the bee sucks, there suck I :
In a cowslip's bell I lie ;
There I couch when owls do cry.
On the bat's back I do fly
After summer merrily.

Merrily, merrily shall I live now
Under the blossom that hangs on the bough.

57. *Song from "As You Like It."*

BLOW, blow, thou winter wind,
Thou art not so unkind
As man's ingratitude ;
Thy tooth is not so keen,
Because thou art not seen,
Although thy breath be rude.

Heigh-ho ! sing, heigh-ho ! unto the green holly :
Most friendship is feigning, most loving mere folly :
Then, heigh-ho, the holly !
This life is most jolly.

Freeze, freeze, thou bitter sky,
That dost not bite so nigh
As benefits forgot :
Though thou the waters warp,
Thy sting is not so sharp
As friend remember'd not.

Heigh-ho ! sing, heigh-ho ! unto the green holly :
Most friendship is feigning, most loving mere folly :
Then, heigh-ho, the holly !
This life is most jolly.

WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE.

58. *Song from "Twelfth Night."*

O MISTRESS mine, where are you roaming ?
O, stay and hear ; your true love's coming,
That can sing both high and low :
Trip no further, pretty sweeting ;
Journeys end in lovers meeting,
Every wise man's son doth know.

What is love ? 'tis not hereafter ;
Present mirth hath present laughter ;
What's to come is still unsure :
In delay there lies no plenty ;
Then come kiss me, sweet and twenty,
Youth's a stuff will not endure.

59.

Sonnets.

XXXII.

IF thou survive my well-contented day,
When that churl Death my bones with dust shall
cover,
And shalt by fortune once more re-survey
These poor rude lines of thy deceased lover,
Compare them with the bettering of the time,
And though they be outstripp'd by every pen,
Reserve them for my love, not for their rhyme,
Exceeded by the height of happier men.
O, then vouchsafe me but this loving thought :
“ Had my friend's Muse grown with this growing
age,

WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE.

A dearer birth than this his love had brought,
To march in ranks of better equipage :
But since he died, and poets better prove,
Theirs for their style I'll read, his for his love."

PERCY BYSSHE SHELLEY.

60. *Sonnet : Ozymandias.*

I MET a traveller from an antique land
Who said : Two vast and trunkless legs of stone
Stand in the desart. Near them, on the sand,
Half sunk, a shattered visage lies, whose frown,
And wrinkled lip, and sneer of cold command,
Tell that its sculptor well those passions read
Which yet survive, stamped on these lifeless things,
The hand that mocked them and the heart that fed :
And on the pedestal these words appear :
“ My name is Ozymandias, king of kings :
Look on my works, ye Mighty, and despair ! ”
Nothing beside remains. Round the decay
Of that colossal wreck, boundless and bare
The lone and level sands stretch far away.

61. *Song from "Prometheus Unbound."*

LIFE of Life ! thy lips enkindle
With their love the breath between them ;
And thy smiles before they dwindle
Make the cold air fire ; then screen them
In those looks, where whoso gazes
Faints, entangled in their mazes.

PERCY BYSSHE SHELLEY.

Child of Light ! thy limbs are burning
Thro' the vest which seems to hide them ;
As the radiant lines of morning
Thro' the clouds ere they divide them ;
And this atmosphere divinest
Shrouds thee wheresoe'er thou shinest.

Fair are others ; none beholds thee,
But thy voice sounds low and tender
Like the fairest, for it folds thee
From the sight, that liquid splendour,
And all feel, yet see thee never,
As I feel now, lost for ever !

Lamp of Earth ! where'er thou movest
Its dim shapes are clad with brightness,
And the souls of whom thou lovest
Walk upon the winds with lightness,
Till they fail, as I am failing,
Dizzy, lost, yet unbewailing !

62.

Song.

A WIDOW bird sate mourning for her love
Upon a wintry bough ;
The frozen wind crept on above,
The freezing stream below.

There was no leaf upon the forest bare,
No flower upon the ground,
And little motion in the air
Except the mill-wheel's sound.

PERCY BYSSHE SHELLEY.

63.

Love's Philosophy.

I.

THE fountains mingle with the river,
And the rivers with the ocean ;
The winds of heaven mix for ever
With a sweet emotion ;
Nothing in the world is single ;
All things by a law divine
In one another's being mingle ;—
Why not I with thine ?

II.

See the mountains kiss high heaven,
And the waves clasp one another ;
No sister flower would be forgiven,
If it disdained its brother ;
And the sunlight clasps the earth,
And the moonbeams kiss the sea :
What are all these kissings worth,
If thou kiss not me ?

64.

Hymn of Pan.

I.

FROM the forests and highlands
We come, we come ;
From the river-girt islands,
Where loud waves are dumb
Listening to my sweet pipings.
The wind in the reeds and the rushes,
The bees on the bells of thyme,

PERCY BYSSHE SHELLEY

The birds on the myrtle bushes,
The cicale above in the lime,
And the lizards below in the grass,
Were as silent as ever old Tmolus was,
Listening to my sweet pipings.

II.

Liquid Peneus was flowing,
And all dark Tempe lay
In Pelion's shadow, outgrowing
The light of the dying day,
Speeded by my sweet pipings.
The Sileni, and Sylvans, and Fauns,
And the Nymphs of the woods and waves,
To the edge of the moist river-lawns,
And the brink of the dewy caves,
And all that did then attend and follow
Were silent with love, as you now, Apollo,
With envy of my sweet pipings.

III.

I sang of the dancing stars,
I sang of the dædal Earth,
And of Heaven—and the giant wars,
And Love, and Death, and Birth,—
And then I changed my pipings,—
Singing how down the vale of Menalus
I pursued a maiden and clasped a reed :
Gods and men, we are all deluded thus !
It breaks in our bosom and then we bleed :
All wept, as I think both ye now would,
If envy or age had not frozen your blood,
At the sorrow of my sweet pipings.

PERCY BYSSHE SHELLEY

65. *Song of Proserpine,*

While Gathering Flowers on the Plain of Enna

I.

SACRED Goddess, Mother Earth,
Thou from whose immortal bosom,
Gods, and men, and beasts have birth,
Leaf and blade, and bud and blossom,
Breathe thine influence most divine
On thine own child, Proserpine.

II.

If with mists of evening dew
Thou dost nourish these young flowers
Till they grow, in scent and hue,
Fairest children of the hours,
Breathe thine influence most divine
On thine own child, Proserpine.

66. *To the Moon.*

ART thou pale for weariness
Of climbing heaven and gazing on the earth,
Wandering companionless
Among the stars that have a different birth,—
And ever changing, like a joyless eye
That finds no object worth its constancy?

PERCY BYSSHE SHELLEY

67.

Time.

UNFATHOMABLE Sea ! whose waves are
years,

Ocean of Time, whose waters of deep woe
Are brackish with the salt of human tears !

Thou shoreless flood, which in thy ebb and flow
Claspest the limits of mortality !

And sick of prey, yet howling on for more,
Vomitest thy wrecks on its inhospitable shore ;
Treacherous in calm, and terrible in storm,
Who shall put forth on thee,
Unfathomable Sea ?

68.

To ——.

MUSIC, when soft voices die,
Vibrates in the memory—
Odours, when sweet violets sicken,
Live within the sense they quicken.
Rose leaves, when the rose is dead,
Are heaped for the belovèd's bed ;
And so thy thoughts, when thou art gone,
Love itself shall slumber on.

69.

Song.

I.

RARELY, rarely, comest thou,
Spirit of Delight !
Wherefore hast thou left me now
Many a day and night ?

PERCY BYSSHE SHELLEY

Many a weary night and day
'Tis since thou art fled away.

II.

How shall ever one like me
Win thee back again ?
With the joyous and the free
Thou wilt scoff at pain.
Spirit false ! thou hast forgot
All but those who need thee not.

III.

As a lizard with the shade
Of a trembling leaf,
Thou with sorrow art dismayed ;
Even the sighs of grief
Reproach thee, that thou art not near,
And reproach thou wilt not hear

IV.

Let me set my mournful ditty
To a merry measure,
Thou wilt never come for pity,
Thou wilt come for pleasure.
Pity then will cut away
Those cruel wings, and thou wilt stay.

V.

I love all that thou lovest,
Spirit of Delight !
The fresh Earth in new leaves drest,
And the starry night ;

PERCY BYSSHE SHELLEY.

Autumn evening, and the morn
When the golden mists are born.

VI.

I love snow, and all the forms
 Of the radiant frost ;
I love waves, and winds, and storms,
 Every thing almost
Which is Nature's, and may be
Untainted by man's misery.

VII.

I love tranquil solitude,
 And such society
As is quiet, wise and good ;
 Between thee and me
What difference ? but thou dost possess
The things I seek, not love them less.

VIII.

I love Love—though he has wings,
 And like light can flee,
But above all other things,
 Spirit, I love thee—
Thou art love and life ! O come,
Make once more my heart thy home.

I.

OH, world ! oh, life ! oh, time !
On whose last steps I climb

PERCY BYSSHE SHELLEY.

Trembling at that where I had stood before ;
When will return the glory of your prime ?
 No more—O, never more !

II.

Out of the day and night
A joy has taken flight ;
Fresh spring, and summer, and winter hoar,
Move my faint heart with grief, but with delight
 No more—O, never more !

71. *To Jane—The Invitation.*

BEST and brightest, come away !
Fairer far than this fair Day,
Which, like thee to those in sorrow,
Comes to bid a sweet good-morrow
To the rough Year just awake
In its cradle on the brake.
The brightest hour of unborn Spring,
Through the winter wandering,
Found, it seems, the halcyon Morn
To hoar February born ;
Bending from Heaven, in azure mirth,
It kissed the forehead of the Earth,
And smiled upon the silent sea,
And bade the frozen streams be free,
And waked to music all their fountains,
And breathed upon the frozen mountains,
And like a prophetess of May
Strewed flowers upon the barren way,

PERCY BYSSHE SHELLEY.

Making the wintry world appear
Like one on whom thou smilest, dear

Away, away, from men and towns,
To the wild wood and the downs—
To the silent wilderness
Where the soul need not repress
Its music lest it should not find
An echo in another's mind,
While the touch of Nature's art
Harmonizes heart to heart.
I leave this notice on my door
For each accustomed visitor :—
“ I am gone into the fields
To take what this sweet hour yields ;—
Reflection, you may come to-morrow,
Sit by the fireside with Sorrow.—
You with the unpaid bill, Despair,—
You tiresome verse-reciter, Care,—
I will pay you in the grave,—
Death will listen to your stave.
Expectation too, be off !
To-day is for itself enough ;
Hope in pity mock not Woe
With smiles, nor follow where I go ;
Long having lived on thy sweet food,
At length I find one moment's good
After long pain—with all your love,
This you never told me of.”

Radiant Sister of the Day,
Awake ! arise ! and come away !
To the wild woods and the plains,

PERCY BYSSHE SHELLEY

And the pools where winter rains
Image all their roof of leaves,
Where the pine its garland weaves
Of sapless green and ivy dun
Round stems that never kiss the sun ;
Where the lawns and pastures be,
And the sandhills of the sea ;—
Where the melting hoar-frost wets
The daisy-star that never sets,
And wind-flowers, and violets,
Which yet join not scent to hue,
Crown the pale year weak and new ;
When the night is left behind
In the deep east, dun and blind,
And the blue noon is over us,
And the multitudinous
Billows murmur at our feet,
Where the earth and ocean meet,
And all things seem only one
In the universal sun.

SIR PHILIP SIDNEY.

72.

The Moon.

With how sad steps, O Moon, thou climb'st the
skies !
How silently, and with how wan a face !
What, may it be that even in heav'nly place
That busy archer his sharp arrows tries !
Sure, if that long-with-love-acquainted eyes
Can judge of love, thou feel'st a lover's case,

SIR PHILIP SIDNEY

I read it in thy looks ; thy languished grace,
To me, that feel the like, thy state describes.
Then, ev'n of fellowship, O Moon, tell me,
Is constant love deem'd there but want of wit ?
Are beauties there as proud as here they be ?
Do they above love to be lov'd, and yet
Those lovers scorn whom that love doth possess ?
Do they call virtue there ungratefulness ?

Grosart's Text.

ROBERT LOUIS STEVENSON.

73. *Songs of Travel.*

xxii.

I HAVE trod the upward and the downward slope ;
I have endured and done in days before ;
I have longed for all, and bid farewell to hope ;
And I have lived and loved, and closed the door.

1898 Edition.

LORD TENNYSON.

74. *Choric Song, from "The Lotos-Eaters."*

i.

THERE is sweet music here that softer falls
Than petals from blown roses on the grass,
Or night-dews on still waters between walls

LORD TENNYSON.

Of shadowy granite, in a gleaming pass ;
Music that gentlier on the spirit lies,
Than tir'd eyelids upon tir'd eyes ;
Music that brings sweet sleep down from the blissful
skies.

Here are cool mosses deep,
And thro' the moss the ivies creep,
And in the stream the long-leaved flowers weep,
And from the craggy ledge the poppy hangs in sleep.

II.

Why are we weigh'd upon with heaviness,
And utterly consumed with sharp distress,
While all things else have rest from weariness ?
All things have rest : why should we toil alone,
We only toil, who are the first of things,
And make perpetual moan,
Still from one sorrow to another thrown :
Nor ever fold our wings,
And cease from wanderings,
Nor steep our brows in slumber's holy balm ;
Nor harken what the inner spirit sings,
“ There is no joy but calm ! ”
Why should we only toil, the roof and crown of
things ?

III.

Lo ! in the middle of the wood,
The folded leaf is woo'd from out the bud
With winds upon the branch, and there
Grows green and broad, and takes no care,
Sun-steep'd at noon, and in the moon
Nightly dew-fed ; and turning yellow

LORD TENNYSON.

Falls, and floats adown the air.
Lo ! sweeten'd with the summer light,
The full-juiced apple, waxing over-mellow,
Drops in a silent autumn night.
All its allotted length of days,
The flower ripens in its place,
Ripens and fades, and falls, and hath no toil,
Fast-rooted in the fruitful soil.

IV.

Hateful is the dark-blue sky,
Vaulted o'er the dark-blue sea.
Death is the end of life ; ah, why
Should life all labour be ?
Let us alone. Time driveth onward fast,
And in a little while our lips are dumb.
Let us alone. What is it that will last ?
All things are taken from us, and become
Portions and parcels of the dreadful Past.
Let us alone. What pleasure can we have
To war with evil ? Is there any peace
In ever climbing up the climbing wave ?
All things have rest, and ripen toward the grave
In silence ; ripen, fall and cease :
Give us long rest or death, dark death, or dreamful
ease.

V.

How sweet it were, hearing the downward stream,
With half-shut eyes ever to seem
Falling asleep in a half-dream !
To dream and dream, like yonder amber light,
Which will not leave the myrrh-bush on the height ;

LORD TENNYSON

To hear each other's whisper'd speech ;
Eating the Lotos day by day,
To watch the crisping ripples on the beach,
And tender curving lines of creamy spray ;
To lend our hearts and spirits wholly
To the influence of mild-minded melancholy ;
To muse and brood and live again in memory,
With those old faces of our infancy
Heap'd over with a mound of grass,
Two handfuls of white dust, shut in an urn of brass !

VI.

Dear is the memory of our wedded lives,
And dear the last embraces of our wives
And their warm tears ; but all hath suffer'd
change :
For surely now our household hearths are cold :
Our sons inherit us : our looks are strange :
And we should come like ghosts to trouble joy.
Or else the island princes over-bold
Have eat our substance, and the minstrel sings
Before them of the ten years' war in Troy,
And our great deeds, as half-forgotten things.
Is there confusion in the little isle ?
Let what is broken so remain.
The Gods are hard to reconcile :
'Tis hard to settle order once again.
There *is* confusion worse than death,
Trouble on trouble, pain on pain,
Long labour unto aged breath,
Sore task to hearts worn out by many wars
And eyes grown dim with gazing on the pilot-stars.

LORD TENNYSON.

VII

But, propt on beds of amaranth and moly,
How sweet (while warni airs lull us, blowing lowly)
With half-dropt eyelid still,
Beneath a heaven dark and holy,
To watch the long bright river drawing slowly
His waters from the purple hill—
To hear the dewy echoes calling
From cave to cave thro' the thick-twined vine—
To watch the emerald-colour'd water falling
Thro' many a wov'n acanthus-wreath divine !
Only to hear and see the far-off sparkling brine,
Only to hear were sweet, stretch'd out beneath the
pine.

VIII

The Lotos blooms below the barren peak :
The Lotos blows by every winding creek :
All day the wind breathes low with mellower tone :
Thro' every hollow cave and alley lone
Round and round the spicy downs the yellow Lotos-
dust is blown.
We have had enough of action, and of motion we,
Roll'd to starboard, roll'd to larboard, when the
surge was seething free,
Where the wallowing monster spouted his foam-
fountains in the sea.
Let us swear an oath, and keep it with an equal
mind,
In the hollow Lotos-land to live and lie reclined
On the hills like Gods together, careless of mankind.
For they lie beside their nectar, and the bolts are
hurl'd

LORD TENNYSON.

Far below them in the valleys, and the clouds are
 lightly curl'd
Round their golden houses, girdled with the gleaming
 world :
Where they smile in secret, looking over wasted
 lands,
Blight and famine, plague and earthquake, roaring
 deeps and fiery sands,
Clanging fights, and flaming towns, and sinking ships,
 and praying hands.
But they smile, they find a music centred in a doleful
 song
Steaming up, a lamentation and an ancient tale of
 wrong,
Like a tale of little meaning tho' the words are
 strong ;
Chanted from an ill-used race of men that cleave the
 soil,
Sow the seed, and reap the harvest with enduring
 toil,
Storing yearly little dues of wheat, and wine and
 oil ;
Till they perish and they suffer—some, 'tis whisper'd
 —down in hell
Suffer endless anguish, others in Elysian valleys
 dwell,
Resting weary limbs at last on beds of asphodel.
Surely, surely, slumber is more sweet than toil, the
 shore
Than labour in the deep mid-ocean, wind and wave
 and oar ;
Oh rest ye, brother mariners, we will not wander
 more.

LORD TENNYSON.

75. *A Dream of Fair Women.*

I READ, before my eyelids dropt their shade,
“*The Legend of Good Women*,” long ago
Sung by the morning star of song, who made
His music heard below ;

Dan Chaucer, the first warbler, whose sweet breath
Preluded those melodious bursts that fill
The spacious times of great Elizabeth
With sounds that echo still.

And, for a while, the knowledge of his art
Held me above the subject, as strong gales
Hold swollen clouds from raining, tho’ my heart,
Brimful of those wild tales,

Charged both mine eyes with tears. In every land
I saw, wherever light illumineth,
Beauty and anguish walking hand in hand
The downward slope to death.

Those far-renowned brides of ancient song
Peopled the hollow dark, like burning stars,
And I heard sounds of insult, shame, and wrong,
And trumpets blown for wars ;

And clattering flints batter’d with clang ing hoofs ;
And I saw crowds in column’d sanctuaries ;
And forms that pass’d at windows and on roofs
Of marble palaces ;

Corpses across the threshold ; heroes tall
Dislodging pinnacle and parapet

LORD TENNYSON

Upon the tortoise creeping to the wall ;
Lances in ambush set ;

And high shrine-doors burst thro' with heated blasts
That run before the fluttering tongues of fire ;
White surf wind-scatter'd over sails and masts,
And ever climbing higher ;

Squadrons and squares of men in brazen plates,
Scaffolds, still sheets of water, divers woes,
Ranges of glimmering vaults with iron grates,
And hush'd seraglios.

So shape chased shape as swift as, when to land
Bluster the winds and tides the self-same way,
Crisp foam-flakes scud along the level sand,
Torn from the fringe of spray.

I started once, or seem'd to start in pain,
Resolved on noble things, and strove to speak,
As when a great thought strikes along the brain,
And flushes all the cheek.

And once my arm was lifted to hew down
A cavalier from off his saddle-bow,
That bore a lady from a leaguer'd town ;
And then, I know not how,

All those sharp fancies, by down-lapsing thought
Stream'd onward, lost their edges, and did creep
Roll'd on each other, rounded, smooth'd, and
brought
Into the gulfs of sleep.

LORD TENNYSON.

At last methought that I had wander'd far
In an old wood : fresh-wash'd in coolest dew
The maiden splendours of the morning star
Shook in the stedfast blue.

Enormous elm-tree-boles did stoop and lean
Upon the dusky brushwood underneath
Their broad curved branches, fledged with clearest
green,
New from its silken sheath.

The dim red morn hath died, her journey done,
And with dead lips smiled at the twilight plain,
Half-fall'n across the threshold of the sun,
Never to rise again.

There was no motion in the dumb dead air,
Not any song of bird or sound of rill ;
Gross darkness of the inner sepulchre
Is not so deadly still

As that wide forest. Growths of jasmine turn'd
Their humid arms festooning tree to tree,
And at the root thro' lush green grasses burn'd
The red anemone.

I knew the flowers, I knew the leaves, I knew
The tearful glimmer of the languid dawn
On those long, rank, dark wood-walks drench'd in
dew,
Leading from lawn to lawn.

The smell of violets, hidden in the green,
Pour'd back into my empty soul and frame

LORD TENNYSON.

The times when I remember to have been
Joyful and free from blame.

And from within me a clear under-tone
Thrill'd thro' mine ears in that unblissful clime,
“Pass freely thro': the wood is all thine own,
Until the end of time.”

At length I saw a lady within call,
Stiller than chisell'd marble, standing there;
A daughter of the gods, divinely tall,
And most divinely fair.

Her loveliness with shame and with surprise
Froze my swift speech: she turning on my face
The star-like sorrows of immortal eyes,
Spoke slowly in her place.

“I had great beauty: ask thou not my name:
No one can be more wise than destiny.
Many drew swords and died. Where'er I came
I brought calamity.”

“No marvel, sovereign lady: in fair field
Myself for such a face had boldly died,”
I answer'd free; and turning I appeal'd
To one that stood beside.

But she, with sick and scornful looks averse,
To her full height her stately stature draws;
“My youth,” she said, “was blasted with a curse:
This woman was the cause.

LORD TENNYSON.

“ I was cut off from hope in that sad place,
Which men called Aulis in those iron years :
My father held his hand upon his face ;
I, blinded with my tears,

“ Still strove to speak : my voice was thick with
sighs
As in a dream. Dimly I could descry
The stern black-bearded kings with wolfish eyes,
Waiting to see me die.

“ The high masts flicker’d as they lay afloat ;
The crowds, the temples, waver’d, and the shore ;
The bright death quiver’d at the victim’s throat ;
Touch’d ; and I knew no more.”

Whereto the other with a downward brow :
“ I would the white cold heavy-plunging foam,
Whirl’d by the wind, had roll’d me deep below,
Then when I left my home.”

Her slow full words sank thro’ the silence drear,
As thunder-drops fall on a sleeping sea :
Sudden I heard a voice that cried, “ Come here,
That I may look on thee.”

I turning saw, throned on a flowery rise,
One sitting on a crimson scarf unroll’d ;
A queen, with swarthy cheeks and bold black eyes,
Brow-bound with burning gold.

She, flashing forth a haughty smile, began :
“ I govern’d men by change, and so I sway’d

LORD TENNYSON

All moods. 'Tis long since I have seen a man.
Once, like the moon, I made

"The ever-shifting currents of the blood
According to my humour ebb and flow.
I have no men to govern in this wood :
That makes my only woe.

"Nay—yet it chafes me that I could not bend
One will ; nor tame and tutor with mine eye
That dull cold-blooded Cæsar. Prythee, friend,
Where is Mark Antony ?

"The man, my lover, with whom I rode sublime
On Fortune's neck : we sat as God by God :
The Nilus would have risen before his time
And flooded at our nod.

"We drank the Libyan Sun to sleep, and lit
Lamps which out-burn'd Canopus. O my life
In Egypt ! O the dalliance and the wit,
The flattery and the strife,

"And the wild kiss, when fresh from war's alarms,
My Hercules, my Roman Antony,
My mailed Bacchus leapt into my arms,
Contented there to die !

"And there he died : and when I heard my name
Sigh'd forth with life I would not brook my fear
Of the other : with a worm I balk'd his fame.
What else was left ? look here ! "

LORD TENNYSON.

(With that she tore her robe apart, and half
The polish'd argent of her breast to sight
Laid bare. Thereto she pointed with a laugh,
Showing the aspick's bite.)

“ I died a Queen. The Roman soldier found
Me lying dead, my crown about my brows,
A name for ever!—lying robed and crown'd,
Worthy a Roman spouse.”

Her warbling voice, a lyre of widest range
Struck by all passion, did fall down and glance
From tone to tone, and glided thro' all change
Of liveliest utterance.

When she made pause I knew not for delight;
Because with sudden motion from the ground
She raised her piercing orbs, and fill'd with light
The interval of sound.

Still with their fires Love tipt his keenest darts;
As once they drew into two burning rings
All beams of Love, melting the mighty hearts
Of captains and of kings.

Slowly my sense undazzled. Then I heard
A noise of some one coming thro' the lawn,
And singing clearer than the crested bird
That claps his wings at dawn.

“ The torrent brooks of hallow'd Israel
From craggy hollows pouring, late and soon,
Sound all night long, in falling thro' the dell,
Far-heard beneath the moon.

LORD TENNYSON.

“ The balmy moon of blessed Israel
Floods all the deep-blue gloom with beams divine :
All night the splinter’d crags that wall the dell
With spires of silver shine.”

As one that museth where broad sunshine laves
The lawn by some cathedral, thro’ the door
Hearing the holy organ rolling waves
Of sound on roof and floor

Within, and anthem sung, is charm’d and tied
To where he stands,—so stood I, when that flow
Of music left the lips of her that died
To save her father’s vow ;

The daughter of the warrior Gileadite,
A maiden pure ; as when she went along
From Mizpeh’s tower’d gate with welcome light,
With timbrel and with song.

My words leapt forth: “ Heaven heads the count of
crimes
With that wild oath.” She render’d answer high :
“ Not so, nor once alone ; a thousand times
I would be born and die.

“ Single I grew, like some green plant, whose root
Creeps to the garden water-pipes beneath,
Feeding the flower ; but ere my flower to fruit
Changed, I was ripe for death.

“ My God, my land, my father—these did move
Me from my bliss of life, that Nature gave,

LORD TENNYSON.

Lower'd softly with a threefold cord of love
Down to a silent grave.

“ And I went mourning, ‘ No fair Hebrew boy
Shall smile away my maiden blame among
The Hebrew mothers’—emptied of all joy,
Leaving the dance and song,

“ Leaving the olive-gardens far below,
Leaving the promise of my bridal bower,
The valleys of grape-loaded vines that glow
Beneath the battled tower.

“ The light white cloud swam over us. Anon
We heard the lion roaring from his den ;
We saw the large white stars rise one by one,
Or, from the darken’d glen,

“ Saw God divide the night with flying flame,
And thunder on the everlasting hills.
I heard Him, for He spake, and grief became
A solemn scorn of ills.

“ When the next moon was roll’d into the sky,
Strength came to me that equall’d my desire.
How beautiful a thing it was to die
For God and for my sire !

“ It comforts me in this one thought to dwell,
That I subdued me to my father’s will ;
Because the kiss he gave me, ere I fell,
Sweetens the spirit still.

LORD TENNYSON.

“Moreover it is written that my race
Hew’d Ammon, hip and thigh, from Aroer
On Arnon unto Minneth.” Here her face
Glow’d, as I look’d at her.

She lock’d her lips : she left me where I stood :
“Glory to God,” she sang, and past afar,
Tridding the sombre boskage of the wood,
Toward the morning-star.

Losing her carol I stood pensively,
As one that from a casement leans his head,
When midnight bells cease ringing suddenly,
And the old year is dead.

“Alas ! alas !” a low voice, full of care,
Murmur’d beside me : “Turn and look on me :
I am that Rosamond, whom men call fair,
If what I was I be.

“Would I had been some maiden coarse and poor !
O me, that I should ever see the light !
Those dragon eyes of anger’d Eleanor
Do hunt me, day and night.”

She ceased in tears, fallen from hope and trust :
To whom the Egyptian : “O, you tamely died !
You should have clung to Fulvia’s waist, and thrust
The dagger thro’ her side.”

With that sharp sound the white dawn’s creeping
beams,
Stol’n to my brain, dissolved the mystery

LORD TENNYSON

Of folded sleep. The captain of my dreams
Ruled in the eastern sky.

Morn broaden'd on the borders of the dark,
Ere I saw her, who clasp'd in her last trance
Her murder'd father's head, or Joan of Arc,
A light of ancient France ;

Or her who knew that Love can vanquish Death,
Who kneeling, with one arm about her king,
Drew forth the poison with her balmy breath,
Sweet as new buds in Spring.

No memory labours longer from the deep
Gold-mines of thought to lift the hidden ore
That glimpses, moving up, than I from sleep
To gather and tell o'er

Each little sound and sight. With what dull pain
Compass'd, how eagerly I sought to strike
Into that wondrous track of dreams again !
But no two dreams are like.

As when a soul laments, which hath been blest,
Desiring what is mingled with past years,
In yearnings that can never be exprest
By signs or groans or tears ;

Because all words, tho' cull'd with choicest art,
Failing to give the bitter of the sweet,
Wither beneath the palate, and the heart
Faints, faded by its heat.

LORD TENNYSON.

76.

Sir Galahad.

MY good blade carves the casques of men,
My tough lance thrusteth sure,
My strength is as the strength of ten,
Because my heart is pure.

The shattering trumpet shrilleth high,
The hard brands shiver on the steel,
The splinter'd spear-shafts crack and fly,
The horse and rider reel :
They reel, they roll in clanging lists,
And when the tide of combat stands,
Perfume and flowers fall in showers,
That lightly rain from ladies' hands.

How sweet are looks that ladies bend
On whom their favours fall !
For them I battle till the end,
To save from shame and thrall :
But all my heart is drawn above,
My knees are bow'd in crypt and shrine :
I never felt the kiss of love,
Nor maiden's hand in mine.
More bounteous aspects on me beam,
Me mightier transports move and thrill ;
So keep I fair thro' faith and prayer
A virgin heart in work and will.

When down the stormy crescent goes,
A light before me swims,
Between dark stems the forest glows,
I hear a noise of hymns :
Then by some secret shrine I ride ;

LORD TENNYSON.

I hear a voice but none are there ;
The stalls are void, the doors are wide,
 The tapers burning fair.
Fair gleams the snowy altar-cloth,
 The silver vessels sparkle clean,
The shrill bell rings, the censer swings,
 And solemn chaunts resound between.

Sometimes on lonely mountain-meres
 I find a magic bark ;
I leap on board : no helmsman steers :
 I float till all is dark.
A gentle sound, an awful light !
 Three angels bear the holy Grail :
With folded feet, in stoles of white,
 On sleeping wings they sail.
Ah, blessed vision ! blood of God !
 My spirit beats her mortal bars,
As down dark tides the glory slides,
 And star-like mingles with the stars.

When on my goodly charger borne
 Thro' dreaming towns I go,
The cock crows ere the Christmas morn,
 The streets are dumb with snow.
The tempest crackles on the leads,
 And, ringing, springs from brand and mail ;
But o'er the dark a glory spreads,
 And gilds the driving hail.
I leave the plain, I climb the height ;
 No branchy thicket shelter yields ;
But blessed forms in whistling storms
 Fly o'er waste fens and windy fields.

LORD TENNYSON.

A maiden knight—to me is given
Such hope, I know not fear ;
I yearn to breathe the airs of heaven
That often meet me here.
I muse on joy that will not cease,
Pure spaces clothed in living beams,
Pure lilies of eternal peace,
Whose odours haunt my dreams ;
And, stricken by an angel's hand,
This mortal armour that I wear,
This weight and size, this heart and eyes,
Are touch'd, are turn'd to finest air.

The clouds are broken in the sky,
And thro' the mountain-walls
A rolling organ-harmony
Swells up, and shakes and falls.
Then move the trees, the copses nod,
Wings flutter, voices hover clear :
“ O just and faithful knight of God !
Ride on ! the prize is near.”
So pass I hostel, hall, and grange ;
By bridge and ford, by park and pale,
All-arm'd I ride, whate'er betide,
Until I find the holy Grail.

77.

MOVE eastward, happy earth, and leave
Yon orange sunset waning slow :
From fringes of the faded eve,
O, happy planet, eastward go ;
Till over thy dark shoulder glow
Thy silver sister-world, and rise

LORD TENNYSON.

To glass herself in dewy eyes
That watch me from the glen below.

Ah, bear me with thee, smoothly borne,
Dip forward under starry light,
And move me to my marriage-morn,
And round again to happy night.

78.

COME not, when I am dead,
To drop thy foolish tears upon my grave,
To trample round my fallen head,
And vex the unhappy dust thou wouldest not save.
There let the wind sweep and the plover cry ;
But thou, go by.

Child, if it were thine error or thy crime
I care no longer, being all unblest :
Wed whom thou wilt, but I am sick of Time,
And I desire to rest.
Pass on, weak heart, and leave me where I lie :
Go by, go by.

79.

The Poet's Song.

THE rain had fallen, the Poet arose,
He pass'd by the town and out of the street,
A light wind blew from the gates of the sun,
And waves of shadow went over the wheat,
And he sat him down in a lonely place,
And chanted a melody loud and sweet,

LORD TENNYSON.

That made the wild-swan pause in her cloud,
And the lark drop down at his feet.

The swallow stopt as he hunted the fly,
The snake slipt under a spray,
The wild hawk stood with the down on his beak,
And stared, with his foot on the prey,
And the nightingale thought, "I have sung many
songs,
But never a one so gay,
For he sings of what the world will be
When the years have died away."

80. *Song from "The Princess."*

THE splendour falls on castle walls
And snowy summits old in story :
The long light shakes across the lakes,
And the wild cataract leaps in glory.
Blow, bugle, blow, set the wild echoes flying,
Blow, bugle ; answer, echoes, dying, dying.

O hark, O hear ! how thin and clear,
And thinner, clearer, farther going !
O sweet and far from cliff and scar
The horns of Elfland faintly blowing !
Blow, let us hear the purple glens replying :
Blow, bugle ; answer, echoes, dying, dying.

O love, they die in yon rich sky,
They faint on hill or field or river :

LORD TENNYSON.

Our echoes roll from soul to soul,
And grow for ever and for ever.
Blow, bugle, blow, set the wild echoes flying,
And answer, echoes, answer, dying, dying, dying.

81. *Song from "The Princess."*

O SWALLOW, Swallow, flying, flying South,
Fly to her, and fall upon her gilded eaves,
And tell her, tell her, what I tell to thee.

O tell her, Swallow, thou that knowest each,
That bright and fierce and fickle is the South,
And dark and true and tender is the North.

O Swallow, Swallow, if I could follow, and light
Upon her lattice, I would pipe and trill,
And cheep and twitter twenty million loves.

O were I thou that she might take me in,
And lay me on her bosom, and her heart
Would rock the snowy cradle till I died.

Why lingereth she to clothe her heart with love,
Delaying as the tender ash delays
To clothe herself, when all the woods are green?

O tell her, Swallow, that thy brood is flown :
Say to her, I do but wanton in the South,
But in the North long since my nest is made.

LORD TENNYSON.

O tell her, brief is life but love is long,
And brief the sun of summer in the North,
And brief the moon of beauty in the South.

O Swallow, flying from the golden woods,
Fly to her, and pipe and woo her, and make her
mine,
And tell her, tell her, that I follow thee

82. *Song from "The Princess."*

THY voice is heard thro' rolling drums,
That beat to battle where he stands ;
Thy face across his fancy comes,
And gives the battle to his hands :
A moment, while the trumpets blow,
He sees his brood about thy knee ;
The next, like fire he meets the foe,
And strikes him dead for thine and thee.

83. *Song from "The Princess."*

HOME they brought her warrior dead :
She nor swoon'd, nor utter'd cry :
All her maidens, watching, said,
“ She must weep or she will die.”

Then they praised him, soft and low,
Call'd him worthy to be loved,
Truest friend and noblest foe ;
Yet she neither spoke nor moved.

LORD TENNYSON.

Stole a maiden from her place,
Lightly to the warrior stept,
Took the face-cloth from the face ;
Yet she neither moved nor wept.

Rose a nurse of ninety years,
Set his child upon her knee—
Like summer tempest came her tears—
“ Sweet my child, I live for thee.”

84. *Song from “The Princess.”*

ASK me no more : the moon may draw the sea ;
The cloud may stoop from heaven and take the shape
With fold to fold, of mountain or of cape ;
But O too fond, when have I answer'd thee ?
Ask me no more.

Ask me no more : what answer should I give ?
I love not hollow cheek or faded eye :
Yet, O my friend, I will not have thee die !
Ask me no more, lest I should bid thee live ;
Ask me no more.

Ask me no more : thy fate and mine are seal'd :
I strove against the stream and all in vain :
Let the great river take me to the main :
No more, dear love, for at a touch I yield ;
Ask me no more.

LORD TENNYSON.

85. *Ode on the Death of the Duke of Wellington.*

Published in 1852

I.

BURY the Great Duke

With an empire's lamentation,

Let us bury the Great Duke

To the noise of the mourning of a mighty nation,
Mourning when their leaders fall,
Warriors carry the warrior's pall,
And sorrow darkens hamlet and hall.

II.

Where shall we lay the man whom we deplore?

Here, in streaming London's central roar.

Let the sound of those he wrought for,

And the feet of those he fought for,

Echo round his bones for evermore.

III.

Lead out the pageant: sad and slow,

As fits an universal woe,

Let the long, long procession go,

And let the sorrowing crowd about it grow,

And let the mournful inartial music blow;

The last great Englishman is low.

IV.

Mourn, for to us he seems the last,

Remembering all his greatness in the Past.

No more in soldier fashion will he greet

LORD TENNYSON.

With lifted hand the gazer in the street.
O friends, our chief state-oracle is mute :
Mourn for the man of long-enduring blood,
The statesman-warrior, moderate, resolute,
Whole in himself, a common good.
Mourn for the man of amplest influence,
Yet clearest of ambitious crime,
Our greatest yet with least pretence;
Great in council and great in war,
Foremost captain of his time,
Rich in saving common-sense,
And, as the greatest only are,
In his simplicity sublime.

O good gray head which all men knew,
O voice from which their omens all men drew,
O iron nerve to true occasion true,
O fall'n at length that tower of strength
Which stood four-square to all the winds that blew !
Such was he whom we deplore.
The long self-sacrifice of life is o'er.
The great World-victor's victor will be seen no
more.

v.

All is over and done :
Render thanks to the Giver,
England, for thy son.
Let the bell be toll'd.
Render thanks to the Giver,
And render him to the mould.
Under the cross of gold
That shines over city and river,
There he shall rest for ever
Among the wise and the bold.

LORD TENNYSON.

Let the bell be toll'd :
And a reverent people behold
The towering car, the sable steeds :
Bright let it be with its blazon'd deeds,
Dark in its funeral fold.
Let the bell be toll'd :
And a deeper knell in the heart be knoll'd ;
And the sound of the sorrowing anthem roll'd
Thro' the dome of the golden cross ;
And the volleying cannon thunder his loss ;
He knew their voices of old.
For many a time in many a clime
His captain's-ear has heard them boom
Bellowing victory, bellowing doom :
When he with those deep voices wrought,
Guarding realms and kings from shame ;
With those deep voices our dead captain taught
The tyrant, and asserts his claim
In that dread sound to the great name,
Which he has worn so pure of blame,
In praise and in dispraise the same,
A man of well-attemper'd frame.
O civic muse, to such a name,
To such a name for ages long,
To such a name,
Preserve a broad approach of fame,
And ever-echoing avenues of song.

vi.

Who is he that cometh, like an honour'd guest,
With banner and with music, with soldier and with
priest,
With a nation weeping, and breaking on my rest ?

LORD TENNYSON.

Mighty Seaman, this is he
Was great by land as thou by sea.
Thine island loves thee well, thou famous man,
The greatest sailor since our world began.
Now, to the roll of muffled drums,
To thee the greatest soldier comes ;
For this is he
Was great by land as thou by sea ;
His foes were thine ; he kept us free ;
O give him welcome, this is he
Worthy of our gorgeous rites,
And worthy to be laid by thee ;
For this is England's greatest son,
He that gain'd a hundred fights,
Nor ever lost an English gun ;
This is he that far away
Against the myriads of Assaye
Clash'd with his fiery few and won ;
And underneath another sun,
Warring on a later day,
Round affrighted Lisbon drew
The treble works, the vast designs
Of his labour'd rampart-lines,
Where he greatly stood at bay,
Whence he issued forth anew,
And ever great and greater grew,
Beating from the wasted vines
Back to France her banded swarms,
Back to France with countless blows,
Till o'er the hills her eagles flew
Beyond the Pyrenean pines,
Follow'd up in valley and glen
With blare of bugle, clamour of men,

LORD TENNYSON.

Roll of cannon and clash of arms,
And England pouring on her foes.
Such a war had such a close.
Again their ravening eagle rose
In anger, wheel'd on Europe-shadowing wings,
And barking for the thrones of kings ;
Till one that sought but Duty's iron crown
On that loud sabbath shook the spoiler down ;
A day of onsets of despair !
Dash'd on every rocky square
Their surging charges foam'd themselves away ;
Last, the Prussian trumpet blew ;
Thro' the long-tormented air
Heaven flash'd a sudden jubilant ray,
And down we swept and charged and overthrew.
So great a soldier taught us there,
What long-enduring hearts could do
In that world-earthquake, Waterloo !
Mighty Seaman, tender and true,
And pure as he from taint of craven guile,
O saviour of the silver-coasted isle,
O shaker of the Baltic and the Nile,
If aught of things that here befall
Touch a spirit among things divine,
If love of country move thee there at all,
Be glad, because his bones are laid by thine !
And thro' the centuries let a people's voice
In full acclaim,
A people's voice,
The proof and echo of all human fame,
A people's voice, when they rejoice
At civic revel and pomp and game,
Attest their great commander's claim

LORD TENNYSON

With honour, honour, honour, honour to him,
Eternal honour to his name.

VII.

A people's voice ! we are a people yet.
Tho' all men else their nobler dreams forget,
Confused by brainless mobs and lawless Powers ;
Thank Him who isled us here, and roughly set
His Briton in blown seas and storming showers,
We have a voice, with which to pay the debt
Of boundless love and reverence and regret
To those great men who fought, and kept it ours.
And keep it ours, O God, from brute control ;
O Statesmen, guard us, guard the eye, the soul
Of Europe, keep our noble England whole,
And save the one true seed of freedom sown
Betwixt a people and their ancient throne,
That sober freedom out of which there springs
Our loyal passion for our temperate kings ;
For, saving that, ye help to save mankind
Till public wrong be crumbled into dust,
And drill the raw world for the march of mind,
Till crowds at length be sane and crowns be just.
But wink no more in slothful overtrust.
Remember him who led your hosts ;
He bade you guard the sacred coasts.
Your cannons moulder on the seaward wall ;
His voice is silent in your council-hall
For ever ; and whatever tempests lour
For ever silent ; even if they broke
In thunder, silent ; yet remember all
He spoke among you, and the Man who spoke ;
Who never sold the truth to serve the hour,

LORD TENNYSON.

Nor palter'd with Eternal God for power ;
Who let the turbid streams of rumour flow
Thro' either babbling world of high and low ;
Whose life was work, whose language rife
With rugged maxims hewn from life ;
Who never spoke against a foe ;
Whose eighty winters freeze with one rebuke
All great self-seekers trampling on the right :
Truth-teller was our England's Alfred named ;
Truth-lover was our English Duke ;
Whatever record leap to light
He never shall be shamed.

VIII.

Lo, the leader in these glorious wars
Now to glorious burial slowly borne,
Follow'd by the brave of other lands,
He, on whom from both her open hands
Lavish Honour shower'd all her stars,
And affluent Fortune emptied all her horn.
Yea, let all good things await
Him who cares not to be great,
But as he saves or serves the state.
Not once or twice in our rough island story,
The path of duty was the way to glory :
He that walks it, only thirsting
For the right, and learns to deaden
Love of self, before his journey closes,
He shall find the stubborn thistle bursting
Into glossy purples, which outredden
All voluptuous garden-roses.
Not once or twice in our fair island-story,
The path of duty was the way to glory :

LORD TENNYSON.

He, that ever following her commands,
On with toil of heart and knees and hands,
Thro' the long gorge to the far light has won
His path upward, and prevail'd,
Shall find the toppling crags of Duty scaled
Are close upon the shining table-lands
To which our God Himself is moon and sun.
Such was he : his work is done.
But while the races of mankind endure,
Let his great example stand
Colossal, seen of every land,
And keep the soldier firm, the statesman pure :
Till in all lands and thro' all human story
The path of duty be the way to glory :
And let the land whose hearths he saved from
shame
For many and many an age proclaim
At civic revel and pomp and game,
And when the long-illumined cities flame,
Their ever-loyal iron leader's fame,
With honour, honour, honour, honour to him,
Eternal honour to his name.

IX.

Peace, his triumph will be sung
By some yet unmoulded tongue
Far on in summers that we shall not see :
Peace, it is a day of pain
For one about whose patriarchal knee
Late the little children clung :
O peace, it is a day of pain
For one, upon whose hand and heart and brain
Once the weight and fate of Europe hung.

LORD TENNYSON.

Ours the pain, be his the gain !
More than is of man's degree
Must be with us, watching here
At this, our great solemnity.
Whom we see not we revere ;
We revere, and we refrain
From talk of battles loud and vain,
And brawling memories all too free
For such a wise humility
As befits a solemn fane :
We revere, and while we hear
The tides of Music's golden sea
Setting toward eternity,
Uplifted high in heart and hope are we,
Until we doubt not that for one so true
There must be other nobler work to do
Than when he fought at Waterloo,
And Victor he must ever be.
For tho' the Giant Ages heave the hill
And break the shore, and evermore
Make and break, and work their will ;
Tho' world on world in myriad myriads roll
Round us, each with different powers,
And other forms of life than ours,
What know we greater than the soul ?
On God and Godlike men we build our trust.
Hush, the Dead March wails in the people's ears :
The dark crowd moves, and there are sobs and tears :
The black earth yawns : the mortal disappears ;
Ashes to ashes, dust to dust ;
He is gone who seem'd so great.—
Gone ; but nothing can bereave him
Of the force he made his own

LORD TENNYSON.

Being here, and we believe him
Something far advanced in State,
And that he wears a truer crown
Than any wreath that man can weave him.
Speak no more of his renown,
Lay your earthly fancies down,
And in the vast cathedral leave him,
God accept him, Christ receive him.

1902 Edition.

EDMUND WALLER.

86. *On His Divine Poems.*

WHEN we for age could neither read nor write,
The subject made us able to indite :
The soul, with nobler resolutions deck'd,
The body stooping, does herself erect :
No mortal parts are requisite to raise
Her, that unbody'd can her Maker praise.

The seas are quiet, when the winds give o'er :
So, calm are we, when passions are no more !
For then we know how vain it was to boast
Of fleeting things, so certain to be lost.
Clouds of affection from our younger eyes
Conceal that emptiness, which age despises.

The soul's dark cottage, batter'd and decay'd,
Lets in new light, through chinks that time has made :
Stronger by weakness, wiser men become,
As they draw near to their eternal home :
Leaving the old, both worlds at once they view,
That stand upon the threshold of the new.

1810 Edition.

JOHN WEBSTER.

87. *Song from "The White Devil."*

CALL for the robin-red-breast and the wren,
Since o'er shady groves they hover,
And with leaves and flowers do cover
The friendless bodies of unburied men.
Call unto his funeral dole
The ant, the field-mouse, and the mole,
To rear him hillocks that shall keep him warm,
And (when gay tombs are robb'd) sustain no harm:
But keep the wolf far thence, that's foe to men,
For with his nails he'll dig them up again.

Dyce's Text.

WILLIAM WORDSWORTH.

88.

MY heart leaps up when I behold
 A rainbow in the sky :
So was it when my life began ;
So is it now I am a man ;
So be it when I shall grow old,
 Or let me die !
The Child is father of the Man ;
And I could wish my days to be
Bound each to each by natural piety.

89.

To the Cuckoo.

O BLITHE New-comer ! I have heard,
I hear thee and rejoice.
O Cuckoo ! shall I call thee Bird,
Or but a wandering Voice ?

WILLIAM WORDSWORTH.

While I am lying on the grass
Thy twofold shout I hear ;
From hill to hill it seems to pass
At once far off, and near.

Though babbling only to the Vale,
Of sunshine and of flowers,
Thou bringest unto me a tale
Of visionary hours.

Thrice welcome, darling of the Spring !
Even yet thou art to me
No bird, but an invisible thing,
A voice, a mystery ;

The same whom in my schoolboy days
I listened to ; that Cry
Which made me look a thousand ways
In bush, and tree, and sky.

To seek thee did I often rove
Through woods and on the green ;
And thou wert still a hope, a love ;
Still longed for, never seen.

And I can listen to thee yet ;
Can lie upon the plain
And listen, till I do beget
That golden time again.

O blessed Bird ! the earth we pace
Again appears to be
An unsubstantial, faery place ;
That is fit home for Thee !

WILLIAM WORDSWORTH.

90.

THREE years she grew in sun and shower,
Then Nature said, "A lovelier flower
On earth was never sown ;
This Child I to myself will take ;
She shall be mine, and I will make
A Lady of my own.

" Myself will to my darling be
Both law and impulse : and with me
The Girl, in rock and plain,
In earth and heaven, in glade and bower,
Shall feel an overseeing power
To kindle or restrain.

" She shall be sportive as the fawn
That wild with glee across the lawn
Or up the mountain springs ;
And hers shall be the breathing balm,
And hers the silence and the calm
Of mute insensate things.

" The floating clouds their state shall lend
To her ; for her the willow bend ;
Nor shall she fail to see
Even in the motions of the Storm
Grace that shall mould the Maiden's form
By silent sympathy.

" The stars of midnight shall be dear
To her ; and she shall lean her ear
In many a secret place
Where rivulets dance their wayward round,

WILLIAM WORDSWORTH.

And beauty born of murmuring sound
Shall pass into her face.

“ And vital feelings of delight
Shall rear her form to stately height,
Her virgin bosom swell ;
Such thoughts to Lucy I will give
While she and I together live
Here in this happy dell.”

Thus Nature spake—The work was done—
How soon my Lucy’s race was run !
She died, and left to me
This heath, this calm, and quiet scene ;
The memory of what has been,
And never more will be.

91.

A SLUMBER did my spirit seal ;
I had no human fears :
She seemed a thing that could not feel
The touch of earthly years.

No motion has she now, no force ;
She neither hears nor sees ;
Rolled round in earth’s diurnal course,
With rocks, and stones, and trees.

92.

I WANDERED lonely as a cloud
That floats on high o’er vales and hills,
When all at once I saw a crowd,
A host, of golden daffodils ;
Beside the lake, beneath the trees,
Fluttering and dancing in the breeze.

WILLIAM WORDSWORTH.

Continuous as the stars that shine
And twinkle on the milky way,
They stretched in never-ending line
Along the margin of a bay :
Ten thousand saw I at a glance,
Tossing their heads in sprightly dance.

The waves beside them danced ; but they
Out-did the sparkling waves in glee :
A poet could not but be gay,
In such a jocund company :
I gazed—and gazed—but little thought
What wealth the show to me had brought :

For oft, when on my couch I lie
In vacant or in pensive mood,
They flash upon that inward eye
Which is the bliss of solitude ;
And then my heart with pleasure fills,
And dances with the daffodils.

93.

Sonnets.

PART I.—I.

NUNS fret not at their convent's narrow room ;
And hermits are contented with their cells ;
And students with their pensive citadels ;
Maids at the wheel, the weaver at his loom,
Sit blithe and happy ; bees that soar for bloom,
High as the highest Peak of Furness-fells,
Will murmur by the hour in foxglove bells :

WILLIAM WORDSWORTH

In truth the prison, unto which we doom
Ourselves, no prison is : and hence for me,
In sundry moods, 'twas pastime to be bound
Within the Sonnet's scanty plot of ground ;
Pleased if some Souls (for such there needs must be)
Who have felt the weight of too much liberty,
Should find brief solace there, as I have found.

94.

PART I.—XXX.

IT is a beauteous evening, calm and free,
The holy time is quiet as a Nun
Breathless with adoration ; the broad sun
Is sinking down in its tranquillity ;
The gentleness of heaven broods o'er the Sea :
Listen ! the mighty Being is awake,
And doth with his eternal motion make
A sound like thunder—everlastingly.
Dear Child ! dear Girl ! that walkest with me here,
If thou appear untouched by solemn thought,
Thy nature is not therefore less divine :
Thou liest in Abraham's bosom all the year ;
And worshipp'st at the Temple's inner shrine,
God being with thee when we know it not.

95.

Yarrow Unvisited.

FROM Stirling castle we had seen
The mazy Forth unravelled ;
Had trod the banks of Clyde, and Tay,
And with the Tweed had travelled ;

WILLIAM WORDSWORTH.

And when we came to Clovenford,
Then said my "*winsome Marrow*,"
"Whate'er betide, we'll turn aside,
And see the Braes of Yarrow."

"Let Yarrow folk, *fræ* Selkirk town,
Who have been buying, selling,
Go back to Yarrow, 'tis their own ;
Each maiden to her dwelling !
On Yarrow's banks let herons feed,
Hares couch, and rabbits burrow !
But we will downward with the Tweed,
Not turn aside to Yarrow.

"There's Galla Water, Leader Haughis,
Both lying right before us ;
And Dryborough, where with chiming Tweed
The lintwhites sing in chorus ;
There's pleasant Tiviot-dale, a land
Made blithe with plough and harrow :
Why throw away a needful day
To go in search of Yarrow ?

"What's Yarrow but a river bare,
That glides the dark hills under ?
There are a thousand such elsewhere
As worthy of your wonder."

—Strange words they seemed of slight and scorn ;
My True-love sighed for sorrow ;
And looked me in the face, to think
I thus could speak of Yarrow !

"Oh ! green," said I, "are Yarrow's holms,
And sweet is Yarrow flowing !

WILLIAM WORDSWORTH.

Fair hangs the apple frae the rock,
But we will leave it growing.
O'er hilly path, and open Strath,
We'll wander Scotland through ;
But, though so near, we will not turn
Into the dale of Yarrow.

" Let beeves and home-bred kine partake
The sweets of Burn-mill meadow ;
The swan on still St. Mary's Lake
Float double, swan and shadow !
We will not see them ; will not go,
To-day, nor yet to-morrow ;
Enough if in our hearts we know
There's such a place as Yarrow.

" Be Yarrow stream unseen, unknown !
It must, or we shall rue it :.
We have a vision of our own ;
Ah ! why should we undo it ?
The treasured dreams of times long past,
We'll keep them, winsome Marrow !
For when we're there, although 'tis fair,
'Twill be another Yarrow !

" If Care with freezing years should come,
And wandering seem but folly,—
Should we be loth to stir from home,
And yet be melancholy ;
Should life be dull, and spirits low,
'Twill soothe us in our sorrow,
That earth hath something yet to show,
The bonny holms of Yarrow ! ”

WILLIAM WORDSWORTH.

96.

Yarrow Visited.

AND is this—Yarrow?—*This* the Stream
Of which my fancy cherished,
So faithfully, a waking dream?
An image that hath perished!
O that some Minstrel's harp were near,
To utter notes of gladness,
And chase this silence from the air,
That fills my heart with sadness!

Yet why?—a silvery current flows
With uncontrolled meanderings;
Nor have these eyes by greener hills
Been soothed, in all my wanderings.
And, through her depths, Saint Mary's Lake
Is visibly delighted;
For not a feature of those hills
Is in the mirror slighted.

A blue sky bends o'er Yarrow vale,
Save where that pearly whiteness
Is round the rising sun diffused,
A tender hazy brightness;
Mild dawn of promise! that excludes
All profitless dejection;
Though not unwilling here to admit
A pensive recollection.

Where was it that the famous Flower
Of Yarrow Vale lay bleeding?
His bed perchance was yon smooth mound
On which the herd is feeding:

WILLIAM WORDSWORTH.

And haply from this crystal pool,
Now peaceful as the morning,
The Water-wraith ascended thrice—
And gave his doleful warning.

Delicious is the Lay that sings
The haunts of happy Lovers,
The path that leads them to the grove,
The leafy grove that covers :
And Pity sanctifies the Verse
That paints, by strength of sorrow,
The unconquerable strength of love ;
Bear witness, rueful Yarrow !

But thou, that didst appear so fair
To fond imagination,
Dost rival in the light of day
Her delicate creation :
Meek loveliness is round thee spread,
A softness still and holy ;
The grace of forest charms decayed,
And pastoral melancholy.

That region left, the vale unfolds
Rich groves of lofty stature,
With Yarrow winding through the pomp
Of cultivated nature ;
And, rising from those lofty groves,
Behold a Ruin hoary !
The shattered front of Newark's Towers,
Renowned in Border story.

Fair scenes for childhood's opening bloom,
For sportive youth to stray in ;

WILLIAM WORDSWORTH.

For manhood to enjoy his strength ;
And age to wear away in !
Yon cottage seems a bower of bliss,
A covert for protection
Of tender thoughts, that nestle there—
The brood of chaste affection.

How sweet, on this autumnal day,
The wild-wood fruits to gather,
And on my True-love's forehead plant
A crest of blooming heather !
And what if I enwreathed my own !
'T were no offence to reason ;
The sober Hills thus deck their brows
To meet the wintry season.

I see—but not by sight alone,
Loved Yarrow, have I won thee ;
A ray of fancy still survives—
Her sunshine plays upon thee !
Thy ever-youthful waters keep
A course of lively pleasure ;
And gladsome notes my lips can breathe,
Accordant to the measure.

The vapours linger round the Heights,
They melt, and soon must vanish ;
One hour is theirs, nor more is mine—
Sad thought, which I would banish,
But that I know, where'er I go,
Thy genuine image, Yarrow !
Will dwell with me—to heighten joy,
And cheer my mind in sorrow.

WILLIAM WORDSWORTH.

97. *On the Extinction of the Venetian Republic.*

ONCE did She hold the gorgeous east in fee ;
And was the safeguard of the west : the worth
Of Venice did not fall below her birth,
Venice, the eldest Child of Liberty.
She was a maiden City, bright and free ;
No guile seduced, no force could violate ;
And, when she took unto herself a Mate,
She must espouse the everlasting Sea.
And what if she had seen those glories fade,
Those titles vanish, and that strength decay ;
Yet shall some tribute of regret be paid
When her long life hath reached its final day :
Men are we, and must grieve when even the Shade
Of that which once was great is passed away.

98.

London, 1802.

MILTON ! thou shouldst be living at this hour :
England hath need of thee : she is a fen
Of stagnant waters : altar, sword, and pen,
Fireside, the heroic wealth of hall and bower,
Have forfeited their ancient English dower
Of inward happiness. We are selfish men ;
Oh ! raise us up, return to us again ;
And give us manners, virtue, freedom, power.
Thy soul was like a Star, and dwelt apart ;
Thou hadst a voice whose sound was like the sea :
Pure as the naked heavens, majestic, free,
So didst thou travel on life's common way,

WILLIAM WORDSWORTH.

In cheerful godliness ; and yet thy heart
The lowliest duties on herself did lay.

99.

MOST sweet it is with unuplifted eyes
To pace the ground, if path be there or none,
While a fair region round the traveller lies
Which he forbears again to look upon ;
Pleased rather with some soft ideal scene,
The work of Fancy, or some happy tone
Of meditation, slipping in between
The beauty coming and the beauty gone.
If Thought and Love desert us, from that day
Let us break off all commerce with the Muse :
With Thought and Love companions of our way,
Whate'er the senses take or may refuse,
The Mind's internal heaven shall shed her dews
Of inspiration on the humblest lay.

100. *Lines Written in Early Spring.*

I HEARD a thousand blended notes,
While in a grove I sate reclined,
In that sweet mood when pleasant thoughts
Bring sad thoughts to the mind.

To her fair works did Nature link
The human soul that through me ran ;
And much it grieved my heart to think
What man has made of man.

WILLIAM WORDSWORTH.

Through primrose tufts, in that green bower,
The periwinkle trailed its wreaths ;
And 'tis my faith that every flower
Enjoys the air it breathes.

The birds around me hopped and played,
Their thoughts I cannot measure :—
But the least motion which they made,
It seemed a thrill of pleasure.

The budding twigs spread out their fan,
To catch the breezy air ;
And I must think, do all I can,
That there was pleasure there.

If this belief from heaven be sent,
If such be Nature's holy plan,
Have I not reason to lament
What man has made of man ?

*Printed from the Oxford Wordsworth, published
by Mr. Henry Frowde.*

THE END.



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